THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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THE OPEN SEASON

BY JOHN S. WISE

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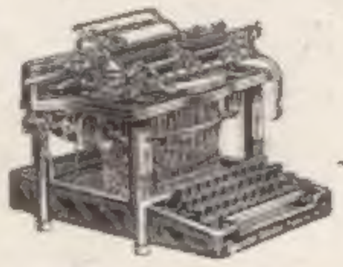

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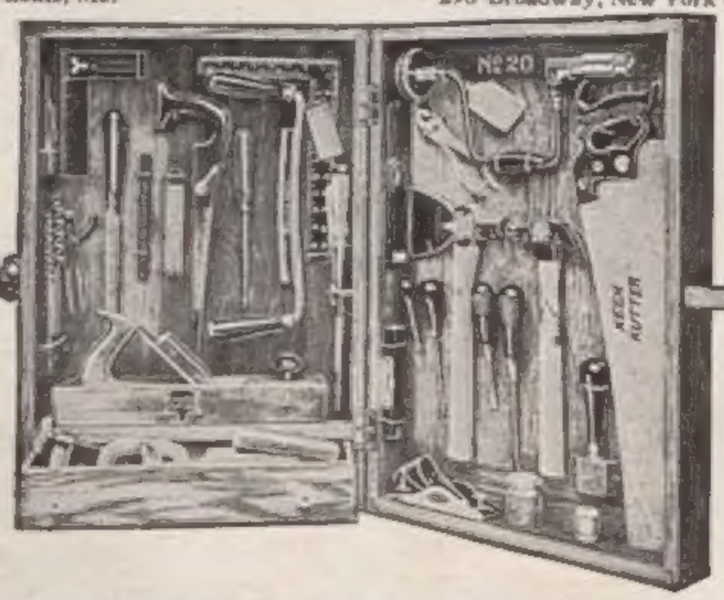

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THE OPEN SEASON

After Small Game with Big Men

By JOHN S. WISE

THE shooting season of 1905 is well advanced. I presume the time comes in the life of every man who has been an ardent lover of field sports, as it has come to me, when this sort of thing is no longer a condition, or a theory, but a memory: not a condition, for he has neither the time nor the youthful energy to pursue the sport as of old; not a theory, for he has in his day reduced to practice every known excuse for going shooting and every device for the successful pursuit of game. But the air and the breath of autumn still bring up the most vivid and delightful of all the memories we cherish. They are of bygone pleasures so keen, and at the same time so innocent, that one may sit with half-closed eyes and recall their scenes and the companions who shared them with a zest lacking in his review of anything else in his life, unless it be his battles and his love-making.

Somebody said that war, hunting and love-making were the three grand passions of mankind beside which all others sink into insignificance. On that proposition I vote aye with an emphasis, regardless of whether I am in the majority or the minority.

I became deeply involved in all three before I was a voter, and although I have since tried many other things these three still bear the palm.

I believe I have followed small game as far and enjoyed the pursuit of it in as many sections and in as many varieties and with as many different kinds of people, and have resorted to as many devices, from dogs to decoys, to assist me, as any living American. I never grew enthusiastic in the pursuit of big game, and, although I have fox-hunted a good deal, I never developed the passion for it which others seem to feel; but no man ever was more consumed with the desire to shoot small feathered game than I was for thirty years, and none pursued it more relentlessly. I have shot prairie chickens all over the West; ruffed grouse and quail from Pennsylvania to Mexico; snipe from Virginia to Louisiana; ducks and geese and bay-birds all along the coast from New York to Hatteras. And I have had as good dogs as anybody, along with a lot of very poor ones. So that, for better or worse, I have gained somewhat of a national reputation as a "sportsman," which is a doubtful honor, I fear, for a good many people think it an evidence of frivolity, and a good many others confound that with a reputation as a "sporting man." But I protest that I am not and never was the latter.

Speaker Reed Lounged In

Some of the most earnest and able men I ever knew have been ardent sportsmen. The late James C. Carter, for example, who, at the time of his death, was peer of any lawyer at the American bar, was an enthusiastic sportsman. We often met at the Union League Club, and found no lack of subjects for conversation, for, notwithstanding his age, he belonged, to the day of his death, to half a score of ducking clubs and had an arsenal of small arms. The last time we met was at the New York Bar Association. Mr. Carter showed me a paper he was preparing upon a grave legal question and asked me to read it. I had mislaid my glasses.

"Try these," said he, offering me a pair of his own.

I tried them and found they magnified tremendously. "Why, man alive," said I, "you must think I've been operated on for cataract! I cannot read with these glasses. If they are yours I must write down: 'I cannot take the same view of this matter as Mr. Carter.'"

He laughed heartily, fumbling for another pair, saying: "Excuse me. Those are my shooting-glasses. I use them in the duck blinds."

We parted with a new engagement for a shoot together, one of many we had made and broken.

He Bought it from a Negro for a Dollar

I was to go with him to Currituck for canvas-backs and he with me to Myrtle Island for curlew and robin snipe. But, like many hundreds of other such excursions planned, ours came to naught, for the noble old fellow passed, ten days later, to the happy hunting-grounds.

I have often heard my father tell how delightful Daniel Webster was when he became interested in talks of fishing and shooting. Mr. Webster would beckon to him in his seat in the House of Representatives, take him into the lobby of the Senate or the House, and there forget all cares of State while they told each other delightful stories about hunting and fishing on the Massachusetts coast, or how such things were done in Old Virginia.

Of course, there are a great many men who affect to love field sports. Those really passionately fond of them are comparatively few, but a large number think it is the correct thing to pretend to be a sportsman. The test soon comes when they are in the field. Very few men will admit that they care nothing for field sports. But there are a few such. I remember an occasion in the cloakroom of the House of Representatives, when a party of us were planning a trip down the Potomac to the coast after curlew and bay-birds. Judge Weeks, of Michigan, was ardent. Speaker Reed lounged in—"Tom" Reed, as everybody called him. He listened to our talk a while and then sardonically said:

"Why, gentlemen! The same enthusiasm for the public business which I see displayed here to murder little birds would enable Congress to adjourn at least a month earlier than seems probable."

"Go with us, Reed!" shouted several. "It will do you good. You need the rest. Think of being swept by ocean breezes and the grand sport we'll have!"

Reed stood there, colossus as he was, looking down upon us with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Why, Judge," he drawled, with his inimitable Yankee twang, "I never shot but one bird in my whole life. I spent a whole day doing that. It was a little peet or sand-piper. I chased him for hours up and down a mill stream. When at last I potted him and held him up by one of his poor little legs, I never felt more ashamed of myself in all my life. I hid him in my coat-tail pocket for fear somebody would see how big I was and how small my victim, and I never will be guilty again of the cowardice of such an unequal battle." Tom Reed was then and there voted out as a sportsman, and went lolling off, as if on his "sea-legs," to find more congenial company.

Frank Thomson, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, loved sport and was a good sportsman. He had all the facilities for the best to be had, and went at it like a thoroughbred. His private car was always thoroughly equipped with every luxury and in his public position he was constantly called on to entertain visitors. He was a prince of hosts—and he had some excellent dogs. Yet, although a fair shot and ardent sportsman, he was a delicate man, not always up to the exertion required.

In those days I lived in Richmond and my cousin, Doctor Gerhard, of Ardmore, was Thomson's physician and devoted friend. This first brought us together. I had good dogs and knew all the best places. My friend, Richard C. Selden, one of the best sportsmen I ever knew, lived at "Snowden," in the James River Valley, and Thomson

Colonel Cody was Riding a Big Bay

He Forged Ahead on Foot All Day

arranged to come with Gerhard and an English friend, the Honorable Arthur Guest. I joined them with my dogs at Richmond, and when we reached Selden's our cars were placed on a siding and we had three or four days of royal sport. Thomson's outfit was perfect. His car was luxuriously fitted up, his larder supplied with every luxury; he had an excellent cook and two valets. We had a baggage-car for the dogs and the game. We had so many dogs that we might have put on a new team of them every time we went out, but for the fact that Thomson had bought in England a lot of worthless English thoroughbreds, and very soon we had them chained up to keep them from interfering with the work of the "real" dogs.

Poor Thomson was taken ill the night we reached our shooting grounds and we were compelled to leave him at the car the first day. After that Selden rigged up a prairie-jumper buggy for him and we gave him a little sport. The first evening, when we came home, Thomson pretended to be much elated and showed us, hanging in the baggage-car, a beautiful wild turkey, which he claimed to have shot in the bluffs near by. It was a fine bird, and Selden and I were delighted that he had the good fortune, for we knew that a flock ranged there. Later Thomson laughingly admitted that it had been shot by a negro who passed the car with it and sold it to him for a dollar.

Arthur Guest was a typical Englishman, as tough and tireless a sportsman as the average of his tribe. He was a big, well-trained, muscular six-footer, without an ounce of superfluous flesh. He was up and out early and stayed until it was late. He scorned riding and forged ahead on foot all day. He was up every time the dogs stood; shot well, showed every field courtesy, loved the sport, admitted that the American quail was the "most delightful little beggar" he ever pursued; smoked twenty cigars a day, and came back to the car at night keen for food, and full of every kind of anecdote and quip. It fell to my lot to keep the fires of hospitality burning brightly for Mr. Guest, and we had a very jolly time of it.

But we never had the pleasure of eating that wild turkey. The first night we were out Thomson's great English dog, which Guest had bought for him at some fabulous price, succeeded in pulling down and devouring, in the baggage-car, a fine old ham which I had secured in Richmond. When we attempted to hunt him the next day he lapped about two gallons of water, was waterlogged and worthless. When he tried to gallop, the water could be heard inside him sloshing about as if he were a bathtub. We tied him up until he should recover from his overdose of ham and ditch-water. Guest promised great things from him the next day. When, on the morning of the second day, we would have hunted him, he was again "loaded to the guards" with wild turkey, and the baggage-car looked as if some one had ripped up a feather-bed in it. We had great sport with Guest about his "commissary" dog.

They Told Each Other Stories About Hunting and Fishing

When Thomson next came, Colonel Philip Schuyler was with him. Schuyler is one of the gentlest, most refined, lovable fellows in the world. We had fine sport, but our evenings on the car were quiet and most decorous. Now Thomson, while himself an undemonstrative man, had really enjoyed the hubbub of Guest and myself on the previous trip. One evening he said: "Wise, you don't seem to be in as fine spirits as you were. Why don't you stir things up and make it lively, as you did on our last trip?"

"I'll tell you why," said I emphatically, "I haven't anybody to frolic with. What we need on this car to make the pace hot and lively is another first-class blackguard like Arthur Guest. One man cannot do it alone." There was a roar of laughter, and afterward in London, when Guest was entertaining Thomson, Schuyler and a party of friends at a dinner at the St. James Club, Thomson brought down the house by telling the story. When I met Guest in London soon afterward he introduced me to numerous friends of his as "that *other first-class blackguard*" of whom they had so often heard. And that from a member of Parliament! Alas, alas! Thomson, Guest and Selden are now all gone.

Buffalo Bill is a good sportsman. I have never done any real hunting with him, but I've seen enough to know he has the nerve and the head and the grit to be a master. We have fox-hunted together and he is as reckless a rider as I ever saw. Moreover, he has presence of mind. One day we had the wife of one of the party with us. Cody was riding a big bay horse named "Billy." He had a Mexican saddle, which may be all right for a plainsman, but is not much for a fox-hunter, and a great coil of lariat hung from his pommel. I had been laughing at him and telling him his ropes would catch in the small pines and stunted oaks through which we were dashing.

"Never mind," said Bill; "a lariat is like a six-shooter. You may not need it at all, but if you do you'll need it bad and in a hurry."

We strained together up a slope, topped a low fence side by side, and came to a bit of cultivated field with a small ditch ahead. I wanted to display my horsemanship to Bill, spurred my horse, a good one, and took the little ditch in a flying leap. The others came on slowly. Not counting it an obstacle, I didn't even look back. A moment later a cry—"Hi! Hi! Come back!"—reached me from Bill. I reined up and wheeled, and there he was dismounting, but I could discover no sign of our fair friend. An instant later I saw the feet of her mare sticking straight skyward in the ditch. As I hurried back I saw Bill step quickly down into the ditch and with his great strength he drew out the form of our friend from under the mare. Her top-hat was crushed and she was muddy and badly rattled, but to our infinite relief we saw that she was unhurt.

The mare had blundered and thrown her. Providentially, she fell lengthwise into the ditch, and her mount, turning a somersault, lit crosswise of the ditch, feet in the air, so that the animal's body, although directly over the rider, did not touch her, and the horse was in such position that it could not injure her in an effort to scramble to its feet. It was almost a miracle. Quick as a flash, Bill had drawn our companion out of her perilous position.

"How shall we get the mare up?" said I, when satisfied the rider was unharmed.

"Never you mind," said he; "I told you we might need this." With that he unwound his lariat, took a hitch with it on the mare's neck, and fastened the other end to the pommel of Billy's saddle. Billy stood there like a grenadier. "Come up, Billy," said he gently, and Billy stepped up slowly until the line was taut. The mare, as soon as she felt the lariat tighten, had something to heave on, gave a lunge, made a turn, rolled over and scrambled to her feet, without a limb injured.

In all the peril Bill was as quick, quiet and calculating as a panther. When the danger was all over he became as hilarious and jolly as a boy, for he afterward confessed to me that at first he thought my friend and my mare had both broken their necks. No doubt this quality of coolness and promptness in time of danger is what has made Buffalo Bill's reputation. We have been friends many years and planned many a hunt together.

Bill is a philosopher. One day I visited one of his Wild West Shows in a distant town. He was delighted to see me. His Indians were at the midday meal. We peeped in at them. I noticed that they had fine roast beef.

"You feed your savages well," said I.

"Yes," he replied, "I try to keep my contract with the Government. But," he added contemptuously, after a pause, "they don't appreciate it. I catch them all the time setting snares for dogs, and an Indian would rather catch a little mangy cur, run a stick through it, half cook it, and then eat it, hair and all, than have the best roast

The Waterlogged Dog

beef in the world. Do you know," said he reflectively, "there's lots of people in this world, Injuns and not Injuns, that don't know a good thing when they see it? Lots of 'em think yaller dog better'n roast beef."

Grover Cleveland is another good sportsman. I've seen enough of him to know that. He and Joe Jefferson and I have talked about shooting together and about their fishing and shooting together for years and years, but we haven't had a real shoot together yet. Poor Jefferson is gone now. Mr. Cleveland went down with me several years ago to my little place in Virginia, where, at times, there is excellent black-duck shooting, and I thought I had selected a good time for him. But bright, calm, sunshiny weather is no time for duck shooting, and we struck a spell of almost springlike weather, regular Indian summer. We had beautiful scenery, but mighty little encouragement to try water-fowl.

I resolved to remain at the house and attend to some tree-planting and other things. But Mr. Cleveland said he would go. So the man rowed him out to the blind and left him, about daybreak. I came down about sunrise and took the field-glasses to locate him. The sun was rising over Smith's Island and shone above a golden track across the unrippled surface of the inlet. There was the blind right in the golden pathway, and behind the pine bushes sat, a mile away from anybody, the man who had been twice President. I felt sorry for him. I saw a little bunch of buffleheads sleeping in the sunshine just out of range, but no sign of a black duck, or redhead, or good duck anywhere. The birds were not "trading," as it is called, as they do when the sky is overcast and the wind blows and the sea is rough. Then they fly about and decoy well. But in quiet sunshine they sit in great "rafts" for hours, sleeping on the calm waters. Presently I saw two or three whistlers bearing down upon his blind, and then a puff of smoke and a falling duck. Many seconds afterward came the report of his gun, muffled and low.

"Pity, pity," thought I to myself. "He is shooting 'trash' ducks, because he sees no chance for good ones."

(Continued on Page 27)

WRITERS OF PLAYS

By Elisabeth Marbury

WRITERS of plays are not the same thing as playwrights; of the latter there are in this country not more than a hundred; of the former—well, they may be measured in hundreds where the playwrights are counted in units. Statistics of the number of persons who write what they call plays are difficult to ascertain; and even if there were accurate figures these would still be incomplete, for many a budding dramatist keeps strictly to himself his literary endeavors.

Unfortunately, in these days every one writes; that is a truism every one knows; it may be essays or novels or short stories or verse or—plays. There are many good short stories written, many good novels and a lot of passable verse; for, truth to tell, to one with a bit of imagination and a knack of expression, it is not so difficult to write a short story which will find its way sooner or later into a magazine—there are such a quantity of magazines! The same thing is true of novels to a lesser extent. In proof whereof, one has only to think of the vast number of short stories printed every month, some by well-known writers, but more by those whose names mean nothing to us. It is not a hopeless task to find a market for a short story.

With plays it is different: there are, as the theatre-goer knows, comparatively few good plays produced, yet it is not for want of a market, nor, as the managers can testify, for lack of endeavor by the hordes of aspirants. Many have said that playwriting—good playwriting—is the most difficult form of literary art, and the apparent facts bear out this assertion without room for argument. Among English-speaking peoples there are not, by the most liberal estimate, over two hundred dramatists; and, when one comes to figure closely, a quarter of that number would exhaust the supply of first-class playwrights. It is indeed a small percentage among 175,000,000 persons; if the rewards were meagre one could understand the paucity, but on the contrary they are immensely large. The average successful play makes infinitely more money for its author than does the average successful novel.

It must be granted, therefore, that playwriting is not easy, though that admission is the last possible that could be wrung from the ordinary American writer of plays. To him playwriting is a pastime, an airy, fantastic pursuit for odd moments in the evenings, on Sundays, or in the summer; a thing to be gone at leisurely, without much thought or preparation, but by all means a diversion from which to gain much lucre. The blithe, happy ignorance of these writers of plays is the more remarkable when one considers that the American people are not a flighty race, but, as a whole, hard-headed and full of common-sense. To one who reflects only for a moment, it must be obvious that it is not easy to write a good play or there would be more persons doing it; it should be apparent that playwriting requires thought, ideas, preparation and no small amount of technical skill; yet, on the other hand, it is also quite evident that these things are not understood or there would not be so many people who sit down to write plays with merely the possession of pen and paper.

It is amazing to realize the number of plays written; estimates are difficult, but one would surely be safe in saying that every year there are at least one hundred thousand plays written (and this probably does not cover the number) from which the only ones who profit are the typewriters who do the copying; they make a comfortable living out of the writers of plays. It is rather disheartening to reflect that of this quantity of plays probably not one-eighth of one per cent. are produced.

A Play Without Words

SUPREME self-confidence, an unwillingness to learn, egotistical laziness and a pathetic ignorance stamp the writer of plays. His ordinary vocation may be anything; the writer has received plays from doctors, lawyers, stockbrokers, "society women" (horrible term), conductors, railroad brakemen, civil engineers, actors, actresses, chorus girls, "supers," stage managers, college students, college professors, dentists, undertakers, theatrical managers, newspaper men, restaurant-keepers, clergymen, bishops, trained nurses, private secretaries, novelists, soldiers, army officers, traveling salesmen, stenographers, press agents, schoolgirls and bankers—and these are only a few that come to mind offhand. It is a rare business or profession that does not include writers of plays. And among them, as one might imagine, there are the cultured and the uncultured, the clever and the stupid; yet they are all far from writing anything resembling a good play. And strangely enough, among those who deluge the managers and the actors and the play agents with their unsolicited manuscripts, there is an enormous amount of absolute illiteracy.

With them all, educated and uneducated, playwriting is an avocation designed to consume their spare time, and yet meant to yield an income far in excess of that derived from the occupation to which they give the greatest part of their energy. And they are all so ignorant, so pitifully ignorant of the simplest rules of the game, so filled with pathetic confidence, and so sure of their ability. It would be easy to conjure up imaginary humorous incidents connected with these simple-minded writers of plays, yet real letters, real incidents, real conversations and real persons are so much more extraordinary than would be those of fiction, that it is far easier and more entertaining to tell of actual happenings.

Not long ago the writer received the following letter which is printed and quoted textually:

"To your knowledge, would these given actions produce a play at least suitable for Repertoire Companies?:

First Act. Scene 1. Early morning at an old country home on a farm. The arrival of the farm Hands going out to do the morning work. still with light lanterns. arousing comedy. growing further toward daylight the men return. their conversation the arrival of Eleanore. The Morning swing neath a susposed apple tree. All go within the house but Jack and Eleanore who enjoy a quiet morning conversation. The return of the comedian arousing comedy with another young country girl. They leave. and a young millionar arrives from the House. Who had come to stay in the country for summer. the arrival of the girls father with whom the millionar converses and then gets this young girl to promise to marry him. the father leaves. The arrival of Jack. The heart-breaking scene. the broken engagement with Jack and Eleanor. this is but the actions of the first act. the cast is composed of 8 people, the play has three acts. Hoping to recieve your encouraging answer I remain yours sincerely——"

Not all the writers of plays have quite the picturesqueness of this gentleman's style, as witness this lady, who has rather a novelty to suggest:

"I wrote a play the title The Penitent Son. Would like to dispose of same. Of course it would have to be revised. I wrote the play but no scenes. Could give Ideas how to be staged. The end scene is thrilling when, son, arrives to his home. Would say the play could be only scenes and no words. A new departure in acting. P. S. A reasonable offer would be accepted."

It seems safe to say that the author of The Penitent Son is a genius, in her way, to have written a play "but no scenes." Surely in these days of novelty a "new departure in acting" should be welcome. One can, knowing the author, perhaps imagine why her son should be penitent.

Shakespeare's Merits Without His Vulgarity

THESE foregoing letters taken at random from a patient letter file are as good examples as any of a certain type of person who writes plays. The ignorance that prevails is a big subject because it is so varied. Examples that could be adduced are almost countless. One to a play agent is: "If a play has merit do you sell it, and how long does it take to sell it?" Another to a manager is: "I am much surprised to learn that you believe it impossible to sell my play. In your letter you say that you are returning my manuscript; it has not arrived yet and I believe you have reconsidered your decision." This illustrates a self-confidence that is also exemplified in these extracts:

"My play, as you will see, has all the merit of Shakespeare without any of his vulgarity."

"My manuscript, which I am sending you, is good for dinner, breakfast, supper, night and matinée performances."

"I have written several plays, all first-class, and of a high order—A 1 type. You know, I have made up my

mind that I am going to have a play put on. I don't know, you don't know which one it will be, but I know you won't like the successful one to lie in your safe any length of time."

"I am compelled through circumstances to dispose of what I believe to be the best four act play ever copyrighted."

"I am sending you under separate cover manuscript of a comic opera. I don't know anything about writing a play, but if you like the lyrics (which are not complete) I will write some more. I am also sending you some of the music. I don't know anything about writing music, but I have a remarkable ability to hum original tunes, and I have a friend who can take down the notes as I hum them. So if you like the music, I will compose a few more tunes and send them on. I hope you can sell this play; it is very original."

And it probably was; too original, most likely.

It may have been noted in these extracts that the writer of plays occasionally likes to give vent to a little humorous turn of speech in a sort of half playful, modest way, depreciating the value of his work, but knowing, of course, that you will see his real merit shining through the modest deprecation. The favorite expression seems to be that the writer supposes, of course, you must receive many plays and that the destination of his, he thinks, will probably be the waste-basket. As a matter of fact, he thinks nothing of the sort, as you will find out by return mail if you write that you think his play valueless. The writer of plays does not always use the waste-basket simile; he calls himself the unknown but worthy dramatist; admits that he doesn't know much but—hopes you can sell his play; he has countless variations, but as a matter of fact they are only the scrap-basket idea dressed up with a few frills.

Here is a characteristic letter; the italics are ours to indicate the humor decisively:

" . . . The interest, *should any develope*, centers between the candidate and his finacee, the pork packer's fair daughter and the artist who paints her portrait; also in the contest between the artist and the candidate over the latter's election. The artist loses the latter contest but finally wins the girl. *The explosive streniosity of the pork packer is intended to be humorous.* I have attempted to write what you might call a serious comedy; that is *some of the characters occasionally has an idea, as real people sometimes do; not too many however as I quite appreciate that the theatre-going public won't swallow them unless well sugar coated. If you ever succeed in placing productions of the unknown but worthy dramatist* I shall be glad etc."

Another missive of the same general type reads: "I've got a mighty good play for an actress that can wear 'pants.'" If the play is half as original as that sentence it will be a hit.

A Suspended Subject

HERE is a gentleman who has some marked ideas on the matter of his play, which he imparts to the play agent to whom he submitted the manuscript:

"I suppose your reasons for returning the play was because you did not consider it in proper form for presentation to the managers. As you doubtless saw, it is in five acts, has twelve characters, and is about two hours and a half long. I ought to have explained to you before that in composing my M. S. I had intended to have my play acted by amateurs & had thought out a plan whereby rehearsals could be made easy. Of course I had no idea what professionals would think of my plans but thought if I could come in contact with some manager who would give the chance, explaination of my method & alterations of my play might be suggested with advantage to both parties, in conclusion I am in hopes that in view of this explaination you will try to assist me in some manner to have my effort produced."

Another author does not hesitate to say that he thinks his subject is in the air: "I have sent you my play. I want to bring this play practically to your attention, as I know where so many plays are received and especially from an unknown writer it has to wait its turn unless the play possesses a peculiar commercial value. My play possesses this, being on the sex question which seems for a time to be agitating the whole country—surely the subject is in the air."

But it is not alone in letters these authors display their naïvete and charming ignorance: they do so even more in their personal interviews and in their manuscripts.

It was only a few weeks ago that the writer received for perusal a manuscript occupying fifty-seven pages in long hand. The piece was in three acts and six scenes, and could not possibly have taken over thirty minutes to play. The opening scene sounded charming; an Italian garden, with orange trees, a fountain, marble statues, moonlight, mandolins playing softly, and a villa in the background. The dialogue for this scene lasted only two pages and consisted of speeches between two minor characters who never after appeared, retailing the fact that the American heiress was giving a dance, that Luigo was in love with her, and ended by the departure of the two men to get a nearer view of the heiress. The scene took perhaps three minutes, and to produce it even skimpily would cost at least two thousand dollars. The play is still in manuscript. In another drama the action of one whole act took place in a stage coach winding down hill, which even in these days of wonderful mechanism on the stage would be difficult to portray.

It was only the other day that an author waylaid a manager entering his office, and asked the manager to read a four-act play. The manager politely consented and the author sat down to wait until the manager had finished it. Perhaps he is still waiting.

Another aspiring young man who sent in his card to a manager with the designation, "the coming American dramatist," admitted that there were certain things he did not know about playwriting as exemplified in the third

(Concluded on Page 25)

LADY BALTIMORE

By OWEN WISTER

Author of The Virginian

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VIII—MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM

YOU may imagine in what state of wondering I went out of that place, and how little I could now do away with my curiosity. By the droll looks and headturnings which followed me from strangers that passed me by in the street, I was made aware that I must be talking aloud to myself, and the words which I had evidently uttered were these: "But who on earth can he have smashed up?"

Of course, beneath the public stare and smile I kept the rest of my thoughts to myself; yet they so possessed and took me from my surroundings, that presently, while crossing Royal Street, I was nearly run down by an electric car. Nor did even this serve to disperse my preoccupation; my walk back to Court and Chancel Streets is as if it had not been; I can remember nothing about it, and the first account that I took of external objects was to find myself sitting in my accustomed chair in the library, with the accustomed row of books about the battle of Cowpens waiting on the table in front of me. How long we had thus been facing each other, the books and I, I've not a notion. And with such mysterious machinery are we human beings filled—machinery that is in motion all the while, whether we are aware of it or not—that now, with some part of my mind, and with my pencil assisting, I composed several stanzas to my kingly ancestor, the goal of my fruitless search; and yet during the whole process of my metrical exercise I was really thinking and wondering about John Mayrant, his battles and his loves.

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF ROYALTY

I sing to thee, thou Great Unknown,
Who dost connect me with a throne
Through uncle, cousin, aunt or sister,
But not, I trust, through bar sinister

Chorus.

Gules! Gules! and a cuckoo peccant!

Such was the frivolous opening of my poem, which, as it progressed, grew even less edifying; I have quoted this fragment merely to show you how little reverence for the Selected Salic Scions was by this time left in my spirit, and not because the verses themselves are in the least meritorious; they should serve as a model for no serious-minded singer, and they afford a striking instance of that volatile mood, not to say that inclination to ribaldry, which will at seasons crop out in me, do what I will. It is my hope that age may help me to subdue this, although I have observed it in some very old men.

In Worship Street

I did not send my poem to Aunt Carola, but I wrote her a letter, even there and then, couched in terms which I believe were altogether respectful. I deplored my lack of success in discovering the link that was missing between me and king's blood; I intimated my conviction that further effort on my part would still be met with failure; and I renounced with fitting expressions of disappointment my candidateship for the Scions, thanking Aunt Carola for her generosity by which I must now no longer profit. I added that I should remain in Kings Port for the present, as I was finding the climate of decided benefit to my health, and the courtesy of the people an education in itself.

Whatever pain at missing the glory of becoming a Scion may have lingered with me after this was much assuaged in a few days by my reading an article in a New York paper, which gave an account of a meeting of my Aunt's Society, held in that city. My attention was attracted to this article by the prominent heading given to it: THEY WORE THEIR CROWNS. This, in very conspicuous Roman capitals, caused me to sit up. There must have been truth in some of it, because the food eaten by the Scions was mentioned as consisting of sandwiches, sherry and croquettes; yet I think that the statement that the members present addressed each other according to the royal families from which they severally traced descent, as, for example, Brother Guelph and Sister Plantagenet, can scarce have been aught but an exaggeration; nevertheless, the article brought me undeniable consolation for my disappointment.

After finishing my letter to Aunt Carola I should have hastened out to post it and escape from Cowpens, had I not remembered that John Mayrant had more or less promised to meet me here. Now, there was but a slender chance that the boy wou'd speak to me on the subject of his late encounter; this I must learn from other sources; but he might speak to me about something that would open a way for my hostile preparations against Miss Rieppe. So far he had not touched upon his impending marriage in any way, but this reserve concerning a fact generally known among the people whom I was seeing could hardly go on long without becoming ridiculous. If he should shun mention of it to-day I would take this as a plain sign that he did not look forward to it with the enthusiasm which a lover ought to feel for his approaching bliss; and on such silence from him I would begin, if I could, to undermine his intention of keeping an engagement of the heart when the heart no longer entered into it.

While my thoughts continued to be busied over this lover and his concerns, I noticed the works of William Shakespeare close beside me upon a shelf, and although it was with no special purpose in mind that I took out one of the volumes and sat down with it to wait for John Mayrant, in a little while an inspiration came to me from its pages, so that I was more anxious than ever the boy should not fail to meet me here in the library.

Was it the bruise on his forehead that had perturbed his manner just now when he entered the Exchange? No, this was not likely to be the reason, since he had been full as much embarrassed that first day of my seeing him there, when he had given his order for Lady Baltimore so lamely that the girl behind the counter had come to his aid. And what could it have been that he had begun to tell her to-day as I was leaving the place? Was the making of that cake again to be postponed on account of the general's precarious health? And what had been the nature of the insult which young John Mayrant had punished and was now commanded to shake hands over? Could it in truth be the owner of the Hermana whom he had thrashed so well as to lay him up in bed? That incident had damaged two people at least, the unknown vanquished combatant in his bodily welfare, and me in my character as an upstanding man in the fierce feminine estimation of Miss La Heu; but this injury it was my intention to set right: my confession to the girl behind the counter was merely delayed. As I sat with Shakespeare open in my lap I added to my store of reasoning one little new straw of argument in favor of my opinion that John Mayrant was no longer at ease or happy about his love affair. I had never before met any young man in whose manner nature was so finely tempered with good bringing-up; forwardness and shyness were alike absent from him, and his bearing had a sort of polished unconsciousness as far removed from raw diffidence as it was from raw conceit; it was altogether a rare and charming address in a youth of such true youthfulness, but it had failed him upon two occasions which I have already mentioned. Both times that he had come to the Exchange he had stumbled in his usually prompt speech, lost his habitual ease, and betrayed, in short, all the signs of being disconcerted. The matter seemed suddenly quite plain to me; it was the nature of his errands to the Exchange. The first time he had been ordering the cake for his own wedding, and to-day it was something about the wedding again. Evidently the high mettle of his delicacy and breeding made him painfully conscious of the view which others must take of the part that Miss Rieppe was playing in all this—a view from which it was out of his power to shield her; and it was this consciousness that destroyed his composure. From what I was soon to learn of his fine and unmoved disregard for unfavorable opinion when he felt his course to be the right one, I know that it was no thought at all of his own scarcely heroic rôle during these days, but only the perception that outsiders must detect in his affianced lady some of those very same qualities which had chilled his too precipitate passion for her, and left him alone, without romance, without family sympathy, without social acclamations, with nothing indeed save his high-strung notion of honor to help him bravely face the wedding march. How appalling must the wedding march sound to a waiting bridegroom who sees the bride, that he no longer looks at except with distaste and estrangement, coming nearer and nearer to him up the aisle! A funeral march would be gayer than that music, I should think! The thought came to me to break out bluntly and say to him: "Countermand the cake! She's only playing with you while that yachtsman is making up his mind." But there could be but one outcome of such advice to John Mayrant: two people, instead of one, would be in bed, suffering from contusions. As I mused on the boy and his attractive and appealing character, I became more rejoiced than ever that he had thrashed somebody, I cared not very much who nor yet very much why, so long as such thrashing had been thorough, which seemed quite evidently and happily the case. He stood now in my eyes, in some way that is too obscure for me to be able to explain to you, saved from some reproach whose subtlety likewise eludes my powers of analysis.

It was already five minutes after three o'clock, my dinner hour, when he at length appeared in the library; and possibly I put some reproach into my greeting: "Won't you walk along with me to Mrs. Trevise's?" (That was my boarding-house.)

"I could not get away from the Custom House sooner," he explained; and into his eyes there came for a moment that look of unrest and preoccupation which I had observed at times while we had discussed Newport and alcoholic girls. The two subjects seemed certainly far enough apart! But he immediately began upon a conversation briskly enough—so briskly that I suspected at once he had got his subject ready in advance; he didn't want me to speak first, lest I turn the talk into channels embarrassing, such as bruised foreheads or wedding cake. Well,

Such was the Frivolous Opening of My Poem

this shouldn't prevent me from dropping in his cup the wholesome bitters which I had prepared.

"Well, sir! Well, sir!"—such was his hearty preface. "I wonder if you're feeling ashamed of yourself?"

"Never when I read Shakespeare," I answered, restoring the volume to its place.

He looked at the title. "Which one?"

"One of the unsuitable love affairs that was prevented in time."

"Romeo and Juliet?"

"No; Bottom and Titania—and Romeo and Juliet were not prevented in time. They had their bliss once and to the full, and died before they caused each other anything but ecstasy. No weariness of routine, no tears of disenchantment; complete love, completely realized—and finis! It's the happiest ending of all the plays."

He looked at me hard. "Sometimes I believe you're ironic!"

I smiled at him. "A sign of the highest civilization, then. But please to think of Juliet after ten years of Romeo and his pin-headed intelligence and his preordained infidelities. Do you imagine that her predecessor, Rosamond, would have had no successors? Juliet would have been compelled to divorce Romeo, if only for the children's sake."

"The children!" cried John Mayrant. "Why, it's for their sake deserted women abstain from divorce!"

"Juliet would see deeper than such mothers. She could not have her little sons and daughters grow up and *comprehend* their father's absences, and see their mother's submission to his returns; for such discovery would scorch the marrow of any hearts they had."

At this, as we came out of the Library he made an astonishing rejoinder, and one which I cannot in the least account for: "South Carolina does not allow divorce."

"Then I should think," I said to him, "that all you people here would be doubly careful as to what manner of husbands and wives you chose for yourselves."

Such a remark was sailing, you may say, almost within three points of the wind; and his own accidental allusion to Romeo had brought it about with an aptness and a celerity which were better for my purpose than anything I had privately developed from the text of Bottom and Titania; none the less, however, did I intend to press into my service that fond couple also as basis for a moral, in spite of the sharp turn which those last words of mine now caused him at once to give to our conversation. His quick reversion to the beginning of the talk seemed like a dodging of remarks that hit too near home for him to relish hearing pursued.

"Well, sir," he resumed, with the same initial briskness, "I was ashamed, if you were not."

"I still don't make out what impropriety we have jointly committed."

"What do you think of the views you expressed about our country?"

"Oh! When we sat on the gravestones."

"What do you think about it to-day?"

I turned to him as we slowly walked toward Worship Street. "Did you say anything then that you would take back now?"

He pondered, wrinkling his forehead. "Well, but all the same, didn't we give the present hour a pretty black eye?"

"The present hour deserves a black eye, and two of them!"

He squarely surveyed me. "I believe you're a pessimist!"

"That is the first trashy thing I've heard you say."

"Thank you! At least admit you're scarcely an optimist."

"Optimist! Pessimist! Why, you're talking just like a newspaper!"

He laughed. "Oh, don't compare a gentleman to a newspaper."

"Then keep your vocabulary clean of bargain-counter words. A while ago the journalists had a furious run upon the adjective 'un-American.' Anybody or anything that displeased them was 'un-American.' They ran it into the ground, and in its place they have lately set up 'pessimist,' which certainly has a threatening appearance. They don't know its meaning, and in their mouths it merely signifies that what a man says makes them feel personally uncomfortable. The word has become a dusty rag of slang. The arrested burglar very likely calls the policeman a pessimist; and, speaking reverently and with no intention to shock you, the scribes and pharisees would undoubtedly have called Christ a pessimist when He called them hypocrites, had they been acquainted with the word."

Once more my remarks drew from the boy an unexpected rejoinder. We had turned into Worship Street, and, as we passed the churchyard, he stopped and laid his hand upon the railing of the gate.

"You don't shock me," he said; and then: "Do you believe in the story of the miraculous birth?"

I shook my head.

"No more do I," he murmured. He looked in among the tombstones and flowers, where the old custodian saw us and took off his hat. "Howdy, Daddy Ben!" John Mayrant returned pleasantly, and then resuming to me: "No more do I believe it." Then he gave a brief, comical laugh. "And I hope my aunts won't find that out! They would think me gone to perdition indeed. But I always go to church here" (he pointed to the quiet building, which, for all its modest size and simplicity, had a stately and inexpressible charm), "because I like to kneel where my mother said her prayers, you know." He flushed a little over this confidence into which he had fallen, but he continued: "I like the words of the service, too, and I don't ask myself over-curiously what I do believe; but

there's a permanent something within us—a Greater Self—don't you think?"

"A permanent something," I assented, "which has created all the religions all over the earth from the beginning, and of which Christianity itself is merely one of the present temples."

He made an exclamation at my word "present."

"Do you think anything in this world is final?" I asked him.

"But ——" he began, somewhat at a loss.

"Haven't you found out yet that human nature is the one indestructible reality that we know?"

"But ——" he began again.

"Don't we have the 'latest thing' all the time, and never the ultimate thing, never, never? The latest thing in women's hats is that huge-brimmed affair with the veil as voluminous as a double-bed mosquito netting. That hat will look improbable next spring. The latest thing in science is radium. Radium has exploded the conservation of energy theory—turned it into a last year's hat. Answer me, if Christianity is the same as when it wore among its savage ornaments a devil with horns and a flaming Hell! Forever and forever the human race reaches out its hand and shapes some system, some creed, some government, and declares: This is at length the final thing, the cure-all,' and lo and behold, something flowing and eternal in the race itself presently splits the creed and the government to pieces! Truth is a very marvelous thing. We feel it; it can fill our eyes with tears, our hearts with joy, it can make us die for it; but once our human lips attempt to formulate and thus imprison it, it becomes a lie. You cannot shut truth up in any words."

"But it shall prevail!" the boy exclaimed with a sort of passion.

"Everything prevails," I answered him.

"I don't like that," he said.

"Neither do I," I returned. "But Jacob got Esau's inheritance by a mean trick."

"Jacob was punished for it."

"Did that help Esau much?"

"You are a pessimist!"

"Just because I see Jacob and Esau to-day, alive and kicking in Wall Street, Washington, Newport, everywhere?"

"You're no optimist, anyhow!"

"I hope I'm blind in neither eye."

"You don't give us credit ——"

"For what?"

"For what we've accomplished since Jacob."

"Printing, steam and electricity, for instance? They spread the Bible and the yellow journal with equal velocity."

"I don't mean science. Take our institutions."

"Well, we've accomplished hospitals and the stock-market—a pretty even set-off between God and the devil."

He laughed. "You don't take a high view of us!"

"Nor a low one. I don't play ostrich with any of the staring permanences of human nature. We're just as noble to-day as David was sometimes, and just as bestial to-day as David was sometimes, and we've every possibility inside us all the time, whether we paint our naked skins, or wear steel armor or starched shirts."

"Well, I believe good is the guiding power in the world."

"Oh, John Mayrant! Good and evil draw us on like a span of horses, sometimes like a tandem, taking turns in the lead. Order has melted into disorder, and disorder into new order—how many times?"

"But better each time."

"How can you know, who never lived in any age but your own?"

"I know we have a higher ideal."

"Have we? The Greek was taught to love his neighbor as himself. He gave his great teacher a cup of poison. We gave ours the cross."

Again he looked away from me into the sweet old churchyard. "I can't answer you, but I don't believe it."

This brought me to gayety. "That's unanswerable, anyhow!"

He still stared at the graves. "Those people in there didn't think all these uncomfortable things."

"Ah, no! They belonged in the first volume of the history of our national soul, before the bloom was off us."

"That's an odd notion! And pray what volume are we in now?"

"Only the second."

"Since when?"

"Since that momentous picnic, the Spanish War."

"I don't see how that took the bloom off us."

"It didn't. It merely waked Europe up to the facts."

"Our battleships, you mean?"

"Our steel rails, our gold coffers, our roaring affluence."

"And our very accurate shooting!" he insisted; for he was a Southerner, and man's gallantry appealed to him more than man's industry.

I laughed. "Yes, indeed! We may say that the Spanish War closed our first volume with a bang. And now in the second we bid good-by to the virgin wilderness, for it's explored; to the Indian, for he's conquered; to the pioneer, for he's dead; we've finished our wild, romantic adolescence and we find ourselves a recognized world-power of eighty million people, and of general commercial endlessness, and playtime over."

"I think," John Mayrant now asserted, "that it is going too far to say the bloom is off us."

"Oh, you'll find snow in the woods away into April and May. The freedom-loving American, the embattled farmer, is not yet extinct in the far recesses. But the great cities grow like a creeping paralysis over freedom, and the man from the country is walking into them all the time because the poor, restless fellow believes wealth awaits him on their pavements. And when he doesn't go to them they come to him. The Wall Street bucket-shop goes fishing in the woods with wires a thousand miles long; and so we exchange the solid trail-blazing enterprise of Volume One for Volume Two's electric unrest. In Volume One our wagon was hitched to the star of liberty. Capital and labor have cut the traces. The labor union forbids the workingman to labor as his own virile energy and skill prompt him. If he disobeys he is expelled and called a 'scab'. Don't let us call ourselves the land of the free while such things go on. We're all thinking a deal too much about our pockets nowadays. Eternal vigilance cannot watch liberty and the ticker at the same time."

"Well," said John Mayrant, "we're not thinking about our pockets in Kings Port, because" (and here there came into his voice and face that sudden humor which made him so delightful)—"because we haven't got any pockets to think of!"

We Had Now Come to the Steps of My Boarding-House

This brought me down to cheerfulness from my flight among the cold clouds.

He continued: "Any more lamentations, Mr. Jeremiah?"

"Those who begin to call names, John Mayrant—but never mind! I could lament you sick if I chose to go on about our corporations and corruption that I see with my pessimistic eye; but the other eye sees the American man himself—the type that our eighty millions on the whole melt into and to which my heart warms each time I land again from more polished and colder shores—my optimistic eye sees that American dealing adequately with these political diseases. For stronger even than his kindness, his ability and his dishonesty is his self-preservation. He's going to stand up for the 'scab' and sit down on the 'trust'; and I assure you that I don't in the least resemble the Evening Post."

A look of inquiry was in John Mayrant's features.

"The New York Evening Post," I repeated with surprise. Still the inquiry of his face remained.

"Oh, fortunate youth!" I cried. "To have escaped the New York Evening Post!"

"Is it so heinous?"

"Well! . . well! . . how exactly describe it? . . make you see it? . . It's partially tongue-tied, a sad victim of its own excesses. Habitual over-indulgence in blaming has given it a painful stutter when attempting praise; it's the sprucely-written sheet of the supercilious; it's the after-dinner pill of the American who prefers Europe; it's our Republic's common scold, the Xantippe of journalism, the paper without a country."

"The paper without a country! That's very good!"

"Oh, no! I'll tell you something much better, but it is not mine. A clever New Yorker said that what with The Sun——"

"I know that paper."

"——what with The Sun making vice so attractive in the morning and the Post making virtue so odious in the evening, it was very hard for a man to be good in New York."

"I fear I should subscribe to The Sun," said John Mayrant. He took his hand from the church-gate railing, and we had turned to stroll down Worship Street when he was unexpectedly addressed.

For some minutes, while John Mayrant and I had been talking, I had grown aware, without taking any definite note of it, that the old custodian of the churchyard, Daddy Ben, had come slowly near us from the distant corner of his demesne, where he had been (to all appearances) engaged in some trifling activity among the flowers—perhaps picking off the faded blossoms. It now came home to me that the venerable negro had really been, in a surreptitious way, watching John Mayrant, and waiting for something—either for the right moment to utter what he now uttered, or his own delayed decision to utter it at all.

"Mas' John!" he called, quite softly. His tone was fairly padded with caution, and I saw that in the pause which followed, his eye shot a swift look at the bruise on Mayrant's forehead, and another look, equally swift, at me.

"Well, Daddy Ben, what is it?"

The custodian shuffled close to the gate which separated him from us. "Mas' John, I speck de *President* he dun' know de cullud people like we knows 'um, else he nebber bin 'pint dat ar boss in de Custom House, no, sah."

After this effort he wiped his forehead and breathed hard.

To my astonishment, the effort brought immediately a stern change over John Mayrant's face; then he answered in the kindest tones, "Thank you, Daddy Ben."

This answer interpreted for me the whole thing, which otherwise would have been obscure enough: the old man held it to be an indignity that his young "Mas' John" should, by the President's act, find himself the subordinate of a member of the black race, and he had just now, in his perspiring effort, expressed his sympathy! Why he had chosen this particular moment (after quite obvious debate with himself) I did not see until somewhat later.

He now left us standing at the gate; and it was not for some moments that John Mayrant spoke again, evidently closing, for our two selves, this delicate subject.

"I wish we had not got into that second volume of yours."

"That's not progressive."

"I hate progress."

"What's the use? Better grow old gracefully!

"'*Qui n'a pas l'esprit de son âge*
De son âge a tout le malheur.'"

"Well, I'm personally not growing old, just yet."

"Neither is the United States."

"Well, I don't know. It's too easy for sick or worthless people to survive nowadays. They are clotting up our square miles very fast. Philanthropists don't seem to remember that you can beget children a great deal faster than you can educate them; and at this rate I believe universal suffrage will kill us off before our time."

"Do not believe it! We are going to find out that universal suffrage is like the appendix—useful at an early stage of the race's evolution, but to-day merely a threat to life."

He thought this over. "But a surgical operation is pretty serious, you know."

"It'll be done by absorption. Why, you've begun it yourselves, and so has Massachusetts. The appendix will be removed, black and white—and I shouldn't much fear surgery. We're not nearly civilized enough yet to have lost the power of recuperation, and in spite of our express-train speed, I doubt if we shall travel from crudity to rottenness without a pause at maturity."

"That is the old, old story," he said.

"Yes; is there anything new under the sun?"

He was gloomy. "Nothing, I suppose." Then the gloom lightened. "Nothing new under the sun—except the fashionable families of Newport!"

This again brought us from the clouds of speculation down to Worship Street, where we were walking toward South Place. It also unexpectedly furnished me with the means to lead back our talk so gently, without a jolt or a jerk, to my moral and the delicate topic of matrimony from which he had dodged away, that he never awoke to what was coming until it had come. He began pointing out, as we passed them, certain houses which were now, or had at some period been, the dwellings of his many relatives:

(Continued on Page 25)

JABEZ THE THIRD

The Story of a Young Man and an Old Railroad

By H. S. COOPER

JABEZ I. was deposed, and his favorite financial offspring, the Belleport Valley Railway and Navigation Company, was the cause of it. Speedily caught in the financial net so skillfully set by himself and the president and attorneys of the great P. and Q. R. R., and then thoroughly entangled by his own crooked struggle to escape, he had at last been so enmeshed that he was helpless. Belleport had groaned for years beneath the burden of the B. V. R. and N. Co., until under the old official régime the burden and its annual increase of interest and charges had become an honored precedent. But there came the usual "reform movement," and the new brooms, sweeping into municipal corners hitherto untouched, uncovered Jabez. The new city attorney pounced on him, and so shook and worried him before he had time to untangle himself that he had to disgorge and pay costs, fines, damages, interest and other things. Whereupon, being discredited in one thing, he was discredited in many, and other suits were begun on other interests, and the banks—even his own bank—withdrew credits. Then people who did not care for him drew away from him; people who disliked him assailed him, and he became worried and badgered and began to lose his nerve. Next his wife, whom he dearly loved, died suddenly; his only son fell into evil ways, and he lost his nerve entirely, was stricken with partial paralysis, and, unfriendly hands taking charge of his affairs, he was declared badly bankrupt and all his possessions were sold.

Of all who had been his beneficiaries—and they were many, for Jabez had an open heart where "business" was not concerned—there was only one—"Old" Peter Merritt, the station agent of the B. V. R. and N. Co.—who stuck up for him and tried to aid him. But Peter, who was going to take Jabez to live with him in his three little rooms in the "depot," was too deeply engaged in thinking over Jabez's troubles to couple cars safely. He got caught and crushed, and for three months lay between life and death, while Jabez became a public charge and was moved to the poorhouse.

At this point the city attorney ran up against a stone wall, for the president of the P. and Q. R. R. and its eminent attorneys had experienced no weaknesses, being "strictly business." The road was the city's; too much so, in fact. It could neither sell nor give the thing away; it could not even assign it or put it into the hands of a receiver—the "fine hand" of the eminent attorneys had so arranged it legislatively. If the road defaulted on its interest or failed to keep up its sinking-fund, if it neglected maintenance, or tried in any way to squirm out of the grasp of the P. and Q., the city itself was liable for principal, interest and damages, for the same eminent attorneys of the P. and Q. had not "aided" the old city attorney in the preparation of all the papers for nothing, and all these things were in strictly legal and unassailable shape. The president of the P. and Q., being a far-seeing business shark, did not think the P. and Q. would ever want the B. V., but he did want for his road the profit on its construction and the interest on—and, when it matured, the principal of—the mortgage. So he had laid his plans accordingly.

Yet the president, although far-seeing, was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and matters were shaping to the overthrow of his plans. For, back in Belleport, a boy was growing up, a grandson and namesake of Jabez. He was nursed and raised on a belief in his grandfather; on a hatred of the P. and Q. And back in the hills lay a potent black mass. So that when, at the appointed time, the boy and the mass joined forces, the president of the P. and Q., a very old man and a "power in finance," was made to feel his unprophetic character.

While Jabez I. reigned, Jabez II. was leading the life of the spoiled sons of self-made men and Jabez III. was earnestly tackling a nursing-bottle. When Jabez I. died among paupers, Jabez II. also took to a bottle, and was found one day in the canal with too much water and too little spirits in him. At his death, his widow, who had loved him for what small virtues he had, took to her bed, turned her face to the wall, refused to be comforted, and quickly died.

Thereupon Jabez III. ran the risk of becoming a public charge, when old Peter Merritt intervened; rescued "Little Jabe," as he called him, from the tender care of the poorhouse, and legally adopted him.

Peter had been the "station agent" of the B. V. R. and N. Co. from its beginning, and bade fair to be so until its end, or resurrection. He had been a sort of protégé of Jabez I., had been placed in the position by him and had retained it year after year until the fall of his patron, when it was deemed necessary to make a clean sweep of all the "Waldron Ring." Peter was duly notified of his discharge, grunted, and, on the morning that his successor was to be

Jabez Betook Himself to All Places Where New Work was Being Done

installed, appeared at his post with a horse-pistol of ancient lineage and large bore conspicuously strapped on the outside of his coat. Inquiry as to this addition to his uniform elicited the fact that the quart of its supposed contents was intended for the successor, and Peter being known to be a man of few words and ready action, and the successor being a timid man, his resignation was before the council committee in short order.

Peter, being personally liked by man, woman and child, the whimsicality of the performance appealed favorably to the public. Moreover, as his wages were low, even for those days; as he was punctilious in the performance of his duties, and as he was known to be absolutely honest and trustworthy and loyal to the road, there was no real reason for his discharge. So popular pressure for his reinstatement was brought to bear on the committee and he was reappointed for a year. Punctually at the end of that time the pistol reappeared and the committee, on this hint, and with much laughter, once more reappointed him. This performance went on for several years until Peter became a fixed fact—so much so that the committee would as soon have thought of razing the ancient "depot" as of removing Peter.

His loyalty to Jabez I. was equaled only by his loyalty to the road. In his eyes the one could not have done and never did do any wrong and the other was immaculately perfect. With what spectacles those otherwise clear-seeing eyes gazed upon these two idols of his life no one knew, but, as years went by and his devotion never wavered, his single-mindedness became respected tenderly by all, and even wrathy and jeering strangers were quickly impressed by his manner and by the universal deference paid to his opinions and feelings on these two subjects.

His home was in three little rooms built into the depot, and it was here that the little Jabez grew up with the banging of trunks, the rolling of freight trucks and the ringing and tooting of engines as lullabies. Luckily he was a "good" baby, content to kick and roll and gurgle and crow by himself for hours at a time, strong and catholic of digestion, seemingly immune from all infantile complaints. "Uncle" Peter was father, mother, nurse and playmate to him, and the affection between them was a thing to admire. He grew up a "railroad baby," and, although Peter promptly sent him to school and urged him to join the life and games of his schoolmates, the "Road" was his one passion. Every spare moment was spent on it or about it, and Peter's loyalty to it was duplicated by the child's own, even though he later saw—as Peter never could, or would—its defects and shortcomings.

Under the care of Uncle Peter the sturdy baby grew up into a sturdy, steady, rather reticent youth, who gradually took the burden of duties and responsibilities off the stooping and aging shoulders of the old man, and did it so tactfully, tenderly and well that Peter felt the lightening without being aware of the cause. In fact, toward the last, as he rapidly aged and broke, their positions were reversed: Jabez became the nurse and protector of the childish man.

When Peter was at last buried beside his old patron the general sorrow was not vicarious, for, from toddling child to tottering man, all the town felt that it had lost a friend. And to the lonely youth at the depot there was a dreadful feeling of loss that increased as the first few days went by. Only by the constant iteration of "Stick to it! Stick to it!" could he perform his manifold duties, every turn of which brought his Uncle Peter before his eyes.

At the next meeting of the railroad committee, Jabez attended, as he had been wont to do since Peter became bedridden. There was a special interest for him in this meeting, as he was to be formally installed in Peter's position. There would be no change in the work or the responsibility, since he had absolutely taken all the work for the last year. The committee had evidently felt satisfied as to Jabe's qualifications, for, after the routine business was finished, it appointed him to his uncle's position with unanimity.

"Now, there's another thing, Mr. Mabrey," added Jabe when that had been settled. "I want a ten-days' vacation. George Jessup'll do the lifting and pulling if you'll attend to tickets and express the same as you did when Unc' Peter got hurt that time."

"Going to get married, Jabe—on the strength of that position?" queried the chairman facetiously.

Jabe flushed.

"Not yet, sir; no room for a family down at the depot! No, sir, I've got another notion in my head, and I'd like ten days' vacation and a ten-days' pass on the P. and Q., and a letter from this committee to the general manager asking him to grant me a few favors on the road and around it."

"You're not aiming to leave us, Jabe?" was the anxious query.

"No, sir—'twould take a bigger pistol than Unc' Peter's to chase me off the right-o'-way!"

Those ten days were very busy ones. The general manager of the P. and Q. looked rather askance at the country boy, and his "Well, sir?" was somewhat peremptory, but a few sentences from Jabe made him offer a chair and rain a shower of questions. Those that Jabe felt it right to answer were answered fully and concisely; those that referred to matters private were pronounced to be such, and the general manager nodded approval.

Jabe left the office with a sheaf of letters to the heads of departments, and the general manager dictated a long and favorable memorandum in regard to him which was filed in "Employees available." Jabez betook himself to roundhouses, repair-shops and all places where new work was being done. He asked questions, took notes, borrowed "forms." He rode in cabooses, express-cars, engine-cabs, and a wrecking train; asked more questions, took more notes and borrowed more forms. He dropped into signal-towers, walked ten miles with a track-walker, invaded the dispatcher's office, the chief telegraph office, the stock-rooms, the purchasing agent's office, every depot he came to and everything "railroady" that he could think of or that the general manager's open sesame, or his own abounding cheek, would give him access to. And all the time he asked questions and took notes and borrowed "forms" which he expressed "D-H" to himself at Belleport when they overflowed his modest valise.

Because of his pleasant manners—learned from Unc' Peter—and because he did not ask useless or "fool" questions, and because he was a "railroad man" and could talk the shibboleth of the profession, his questions were answered and he was filled with prohibited "forms," documents and information. And because the general manager had been generous he paid that official a visit on his last day and thanked him, and the general manager showered questions and received such answers and was in turn so thoroughly catechized that he grinned to himself, being a full-grown and well-developed general manager and capable of appreciating a budding one.

He sounded Jabe as an "employee available," but found him untouchable; then he shook hands and said:

The General Manager of the P. and Q. Looked Rather Askance at the Country Boy, and His "Well, Sir?" was Somewhat Peremptory

"Mr. Waldron, I would like you to give me the refusal of yourself whenever you desire to make a change."

Jabe, looking him squarely in the eyes and seeing that he meant it, replied: "Thank you very much, sir. I will."

So he went back to Belleport and his hard work—made still harder by the additional work he was laying out for himself as he rode over the old familiar "clackety-clack, clackety-clack" of *his* road's track, a sound he had missed for the first time in his life.

As for the general manager, he dictated a whole lot more "memoranda," and they were all filed in "employees available."

Several years passed and there came to the ears of the P. and Q. "high officials" rumors of a new coal district being opened twenty or thirty miles away from their line, beyond Belleport; also rumors that their great competitor, the A. and B., was commencing to start an innocent-looking extension that might become excessively guilty if it were extended too far. There being no "gentlemen's agreement" between the A. and B. and the P. and Q., some cipher messages were shot over the wires of the latter, and that same evening there was a meeting of its officers and officials in a private room, a gathering that necessitated some maps and a lot of memoranda, of which latter the former general manager, who was now third vice-president, furnished his share.

At the end of the meeting the gray-haired president summed the matter up—from his viewpoint—when he said:

"I think there is little cause for alarm. We have the B. V. whenever we want to reach out for it, and that is ten miles toward the fields. If we cannot get the other straight fifteen miles before the A. and B. get their roundabout thirty-five it will be our own fault. Expedition is, of course, desirable, and you, Mr. Hallam, had better send your best and most trusty civil engineer over to Belleport to-morrow morning and let him make a reconnaissance from there to the coal. You, Mr. Fiske"—Mr. Fiske was the last one of the eminent attorneys who had "aided" the old city attorney—"had better send over two of your best men to the county-seats and have them look up titles all over the coal section. I would suggest that 'expedition and secrecy' be the motto that you impress on your men." The president had become fond of sounding phrases in his old age.

"Might I suggest, sir," added the third vice-president, "that some one look up my young friend Waldron? You've seen the memoranda about him—I've kept tab on him pretty closely—and he's worth while. He has built up that old B. V. in the last few years in a way that's astonishing; I rather *don't* like the way he repels all advances—whether for himself or his road—on our part."

"Waldron?" said the president; "Waldron? Ah, yes; that was the name of the man who came to me about the B. V. when we wouldn't turn the line to Belleport. I remember him now. I suppose this is his grandson; I remember hearing that the Waldron *I* knew went all to pieces. A rather clever fellow in his small way, but crude, very crude! I don't think we need worry about any grandson of his, but we know our good friend Waters' aptitude for discovering railroad geniuses and we will keep this young Waldron in mind. I believe that that is all to-night, gentlemen?"

Four or five men went out the next morning and pretty soon they commenced to find unexpected things: surveys made again and again, land—useless land—but located at critical points on all possible routes from Belleport to the coal-fields, bought from old owners within a year or two, thousands of acres bought and leased—with mineral rights. Cipher telegrams flew to headquarters; high officials, eminent counsel and "experts" of various kinds went scurrying out in mufti—and their conclusions all pointed toward Belleport. A couple of quiet, businesslike men visited the little city, interviewed a few business men there, and then went back on the B. V. after taking a good look at the grave, square-jawed young fellow who sold them their tickets.

Next day the third vice-president of the P. and Q. dropped off the morning train into Belleport, walked over to Jabez, held out his hand and said:

"How are you, Mr. Waldron? Do you know who I am?"

Jabez smiled and grasped the hand cordially.

"Indeed I do, Mr. Waters; I never forget friends. And what brings you to this little borough?"

The third vice-president was an honest, straightforward man. He did not like his mission; Jabez's reception of him made it still more difficult. He had read Jabez well enough, however, not to beat about the bush, so he answered promptly:

"To see you, Mr. Waldron. As the mountain would not come to Mahomet, Mahomet used his pass on the B. V. for the second time; and now, Mr. Mountain, when is—I won't say your leisure time, I've heard about your ways—but when is your least busy time? I've got a proposition to lay before you."

"Right now, Mr. Waters, for I've seen *your* ways and I know that you have not even a 'least busy' time. Come into my room; we can talk privately there and I can keep my eye on the office."

"How long is it since I've seen you, Mr. Waldron?"

"Face to face? Six years, Mr. Waters."

"And I've tried to 'get' you, how many times?"

"About once a year," said Jabez with a smile.

"Well, now I want you *bad*, and I've come to 'get' you this time—or break a trace a-trying!"

"A trip for nothing I'm afraid, sir."

"Now don't say that, Waldron, until you've heard me. The P. and Q. has lately got control of the 'Sky-line'—you know that—and we want a man for it—general superintendent. Four hundred and fifty miles of good road, nice business, fine prospects, and you can name your terms."

"And why do you want *me*?"

"Because I've kept tab on you, Mr. Waldron, and I think you're the one man for the place. I've watched what you've done with this old streak of rust, and you're too big for the place. I *want* you."

"I believe that, Mr. Waters, so far as you, personally, are concerned. But why does the P. and Q. want me when they've got suitable men of their own, older men, men in line of promotion and with bigger and broader experience than mine? Why do they want *me*, and right at this time?"

Mr. Waters had come to a "tight place" in his feelings. He was little of a diplomatist, and had only been sent as an envoy because of his previous knowledge of, acquaintance with and offers to Jabez, and because his superiors had thought that "this young Waldron" might "walk into the parlor" more easily and unsuspectingly on a friend's invitation.

Jabez waited a second or two and resumed:

"*You* know, and *I* can guess, why you have been sent with this offer, sir. For the same reason that P. and Q. geologists and title-searchers and civil engineers have been poking and prying around here and Fardon and Centreville for the past week or so; for the reason that they have learned—just lately learned—that, in some way to them unknown, I seem to control the situation as regards their getting to the Fardon coal-field and controlling it. *That* is the reason, but I'm not going to ask you if it is, because I see that you know it is, and it wouldn't be right for you to say so to me."

"Then what shall I say to my people, Mr. Waldron?"

"Say that a ten-thousand-dollar position on a second-class road in the Southwestern mountains is too small a price for the right-of-way from here to Fardon, and that I will be pleased to meet them and receive a straight business proposition from them at any time not later than Saturday next. That allows four days; after that the option is closed."

"I suppose that is all I can do?"

"With due respect to you personally, it's all you are authorized to do."

"Thank you! And you say you are only twenty-six, Mr. Waldron? Well, I'd like to see you at forty-six! When is your next train back?"

"Three-twenty. Are you in a hurry to get back? I see you are. I'll take you back on an engine in a few minutes."

And he went into the office and sent some clear and rapid orders in clear and rapid Morse, while the third vice-president, who was a good operator himself at a pinch, sat and listened in appreciation of both manner and matter.

"Who started you railroading, Mr. Waldron?" asked Waters as Jabez returned.

"The best man in the world, Mr. Waters! Let me tell you. My grandfather—and your president—was responsible for the B. V. He died a pauper on account of it, and the city and others who lost by it blamed and still blame him for it. The only *real* friend he had, the one who stuck by him to his death and after, the one who saved me from being a poorhouse baby, was the old and only station agent at this depot. He took me as a baby here in this room, raised me, educated me, trained me, and what I am I owe to him. He believed in my grandfather and the B. V. almost as he did in his salvation, he worked for the redemption of both, saved for it, planned for it, instilled into me the belief in it, set me on the way and gave me the means to it. Out of sheer gratitude, I could have done no less than have carried on the work in which he had so much faith and for which he toiled and saved and denied himself. But I soon learned that he was right, that *he*—a plain, common, uneducated man—saw more clearly than your president—because he saw through plain, straight, unselfish and honest spectacles. And I saw—as he taught me with every breath—that a man with a purpose, if he stuck to it through thick and thin, never giving up, never losing his direction, turning all his energies and bending every possible circumstance to his end—*must* win in the long run. And what *he* did with all his disabilities, I, with the abilities *he* gave me, have tried to follow out. For this I've worked, studied, planned, plotted, denied myself, lived hard and plain, and, Mr. Waters, I've succeeded—as I'll be able to prove to your people if they care to see me. I owe it *all* to Peter Merritt—who was father, mother, family, friend and counselor to me."

The young fellow's lip trembled and his eyes grew moist.

"I can understand a great deal of that myself, Mr. Waldron," replied the third vice-president. "I went through ten years of it and won out, but it left scars and—it was not for so worthy an ambition."

Four short toots of a whistle made both hurry out. With a few quiet words to his young assistant—for Jabez now had one—he put Waters aboard the engine and, sitting beside him on the fireman's bench, they talked as they rode.

"Wonderful—perfectly wonderful, what you've done with this road, Mr. Waldron!"

"Stick to it!" said Jabez with a smile.

"That's all right, but it takes brains as well as grit to make something out of nothing."

"Thank you, sir. But the iron business picking up these last three or four years has done it. But let's 'talk shop'; I've got a hundred questions to ask you."

"Agreed! But are you *sure* you're only twenty-six?"

. . . . . .

On Friday there came a message to Jabez: "Can you meet executive committee P. and Q. to-morrow, Saturday,

And Here Mr. Waters Met Him

two P. M., Wadesboro? P. T. Brown, Sec't'y to President." Jabez telegraphed back: "Yes. J. Waldron." Then he called on several people in Belleport, and the railroad committee held an informal meeting that night.

The next day, Jabez, in "every-day" clothes and with two not very bulky legal-looking documents in his pocket, stepped off his engine at Wadesboro, and was met by a dapper youth in fashionable clothes, who introduced himself as "P. Taylor Brown, secretary to *our* president," and who seemed very much disappointed at Jabez's appearance. He led him to a private car on a side track, and here Mr. Waters met him and, taking him in, introduced him to the president, a first and a second vice-president, and Mr Fiske. All shook hands and seemed to share Mr. Brown's disappointment at Jabez's youthful and informal appearance. Indeed, the young man's tanned and close-shaved face and his generally healthy, clear-eyed look gave him, despite the lines at the eyes and mouth, a somewhat "country-boy" appearance that was entirely misleading.

After a few desultory and ineffective remarks the president said:

"I believe you have a proposition to lay before us, Mr. Waldron?"

"I hardly think that you could have understood Mr. Waters, sir," was the quiet reply. "My message was that I would listen to a proposition from your company."

"In regard to *what*, Mr. Waldron?"

Jabez turned to the third vice-president

"Mr. Waters, did you give my message as I gave it to you?"

"To the letter, Mr. Waldron."

"Then, gentlemen, it is simply a waste of both your time and mine to beat about the bush in this way."

There was a second's silence, a glance between the men, and Mr. Fiske spoke in the smooth, quiet, suave tones that made him so deadly a cross-examiner:

"You possibly misunderstood the question of Mr. Adams, Mr. Waldron. Your message was accurately delivered to us by Mr. Waters, and we understand in a general way that you desired a proposition from our company as to the compensation we were willing to give for a right-of-way from Belleport to some point in the centre of—to us—an unknown and undeveloped coal-field. That is right, is it not?"

"Partly."

"Well, we will allow you the filling in of anything lacking, presently. The point I desired to make was that the 'what' in Mr. Adams' question referred to *what*, specifically, you had to offer us. You can understand, Mr. Waldron, that we could hardly make a definite and formal proposition on the general and indefinite matter which might or might not be included in the term 'right-of-way.'"

Jabez knew that the wily counsel's words were untrue and that his own almost peremptory speech had simply stopped delay and put matters on a business basis. But he gave no hint of this knowledge in his reply:

"That is business, sir, and I possibly misunderstood Mr. Adams. The goods that I have to deliver are a charter for a railroad within the counties of Starrett, Mebane and Polk; franchises for same throughout all towns and cities in these counties, complete rights-of-way on three distinct routes, surveys, estimates, plans and so forth for construction, and the option on royalties on about sixty thousand acres of coal-land; also the privilege of a connection with and traffic privileges over the B. V. from Belleport to Wadesboro. That is *what* I have to offer."

There was evident consternation at this list of "goods," and the president hastily asked:

"Did I understand you to say a 'charter and franchises for a railroad,' Mr. Waldron? What railroad do you refer to, and when were they obtained?"

"The Eagle Mining Company, Mr. Adams, and the charter was granted eight years ago."

"But, Mr. Waldron," said Mr. Fiske, "that charter was simply for quarrying lime-rock and ore and the necessary little tramways for that purpose."

"That is all the charter has been used for, Mr. Fiske, and that only to keep it fully and effectually alive. If you will read the charter carefully you will see that it allows the mining of stone, earths, ores or other materials, minerals or metals, and that it allows 'the building and operating, in any way and by any motive power desired,' of a railway, either single or double track, with all necessary and desirable turnouts, sidings, branches, turn-tables and so forth, 'to and between any points or places' in the three counties I have named. You will also notice that the charter gives the company the right to connect or interchange traffic in bulk or otherwise with any other railway or transportation company—and also that it has a right of condemnation even greater than your own company."

"Very pretty on paper, but do you think those rights, and so forth, would stand in law? They seem to be pretty full for a 'mining' company."

"You settled that pretty thoroughly when you won the case of 'The People *vs.* Wilkins *et al.*' in the Supreme Court, Mr. Fiske."

There was a silence for a full minute or so; then the first vice-president spoke:

"You have the documents and credentials here to show all these things, and your authority to accept an offer for them?"

"No, sir. It is not necessary at this stage of the proceedings, even were you not satisfied already as to those points. The charter is a public document and Mr. Fiske can verify that; your engineer has been over the right-of-way and noticed my stakes; your legal men can tell you as to the titles and leases of the coal property, and Mr. Davis here—your second vice-president—can tell you that all *his* inquiries in Belleport and elsewhere resulted in his being referred to me."

"But, Mr. Waldron," said the president, "this is not a matter that can be decided offhand. It is much larger and more complex than we expected—or were given to understand. This is a matter that will have to be taken up by our board of directors—perhaps even by our stockholders, for in *our* company the majority rules."

"As it did in the matter of the B. V., Mr. Adams?" Jabez interrupted, and the president flushed. "You will pardon me, Mr. Adams, but this is only temporizing," and a new tone crept into Jabez's voice. "Your 'executive committee' has the full power, under your by-laws, to decide such matters as this, but, even if it had not"—and he smiled—

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THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

"Tricks of the Trade"

By ARTHUR TRAIN

"TRICKS and treachery," said Benjamin Franklin, "are the practice of fools that have not wit enough to be honest." Had the kindly philosopher been familiar with all the exigencies of the criminal law he might have added a qualification to this somewhat general, if indisputably moral, maxim. Though it doubtless remains true as a guiding principle of life that "Honesty is the best policy," it would be an unwarrantable aspersion upon the intellectual qualities of the members of the criminal bar to say that the tricks by virtue of which they often get their clients off are "*the practice of fools*." On the contrary, observation would seem to indicate that the wiser, or at least the more successful, the practitioner of criminal law becomes, the more numerous and ingenious become the "tricks" which are his stock in trade. The dishonest man, priding himself on the astuteness of his dishonesty, seeks instinctively a dishonest lawyer. Ofttimes, however, an honest one is better calculated to serve his purposes. Thus is when occasion requires an atmosphere of respectability; and in certain cases respectability is more to be desired than much fine gold or the learning and eloquence of an Erskine. I once heard a well-educated criminal declare that the strongest team he could conceive of to defend a guilty man would have been, had they lived in the same generation, Rufus Choate and William F. Howe.

The honest man, of course, never knowingly seeks a dishonest lawyer. Inasmuch, however, as the majority of defendants in criminal cases are guilty, and as most men guilty of crime are dishonest, the demand for unscrupulous criminal attorneys exceeds that for honest ones. Hence, in accordance with the natural law of supply and demand, there is less proportionate honesty among the members of the criminal than the civil bar; and hence the prevalence in the criminal courts of the so-called "shyster," who, nevertheless, does not confine himself to practice in these dreary regions, but is to be found in constantly increasing numbers in the civil courts as well.

But this must not be taken to mean that there are not high-minded and conscientious practitioners of criminal law, some of them of such ability as to render any moral obliquity upon their part unnecessary, many of them financially successful, some filled with a noble humanitarian purpose, and some drawn to their calling by a sincere enthusiasm for the vocation of the advocate which, in these days of "business" law and commercial methods, reaches perhaps its highest form in the criminal courts.

There are no more "tricks" practiced in these courts than in the civil, but they are more ingenious in conception, more lawless in character, bolder in execution and less shamefaced in detection. Many of these "tricks of the trade" carry no dishonest implication, but such as do not should perhaps be excluded from the class under discussion and should be described by some other and less opprobrious name.

Let us not be too hard upon our brethren of the criminal branch. Truly, their business is to "get their clients off." It is unquestionably a principle of English common law that it is better that ninety-nine guilty men escape than that one innocent man be convicted. And, however much persons of argumentative or philosophic disposition may care to quarrel with this doctrine, they must at least admit that it would doubtless appear to them of vital truth were they defending some trembling client concerning whose guilt or innocence they were themselves somewhat in doubt. "Charity believeth all things," and the prisoner is entitled to every reasonable doubt, even from his own lawyer. It is the lawyer's business to create such a doubt if he can, and we must not be too censorious if, in his eagerness to raise this in the minds of the jury, he sometimes oversteps the bounds of propriety, appeals to popular prejudices and emotions, makes illogical deductions from the evidence, and impugns the motives of the prosecution. The district attorney should be able to take care of himself, handle the evidence in logical fashion, and tear away the flimsy curtain of sentimentality hoisted by the defense. These are hardly "tricks" at all, but sometimes under the name of advocacy a trick is "turned" which deserves a much harsher name.

Not long ago a celebrated case of murder was moved for trial after the defendant's lawyer had urged him in vain to offer a plea of murder in the second degree. A jury was summoned and, as is the usual custom in such cases, examined separately on the "*voire dire*" as to their fitness to serve. The defendant was a German, and the prosecutor succeeded in keeping all Germans off the jury until the eleventh seat was to be filled, when he found his peremptory challenges exhausted. Then the lawyer for the prisoner managed to ship in a stout old Teuton, who replied, in answer to a question as to his place of nativity, "Schleswig-Holstein." The lawyer made a note of it, and, the box filled, the trial proceeded with unwonted expedition.

The defendant was charged with having murdered a woman with whom he had associated, and his guilt of murder in the first degree was demonstrated upon the evidence beyond peradventure. At the conclusion of the case, the lawyer arose to address the jury in behalf of what appeared a hopeless cause. Even the old German in the back row seemed plunged in soporific inattention. After a few introductory remarks the lawyer raised his voice and in heart-rending tones began:

"In the beautiful county of *Schleswig-Holstein* sits a woman, old and gray, waiting the message of your verdict from beyond the seas." (Number 11 opened his eyes and looked at the lawyer as if not quite sure of what he had heard.) "There she sits" (continued the attorney), "*in Schleswig-Holstein*, by her cottage window, waiting, waiting to learn whether her boy is to be returned to her outstretched arms." (Number 11 sat up and rubbed his forehead.) "Had the woman, who so unhappily met her death at the hands of my unfortunate client, been *like those women of Schleswig-Holstein*—noble, sweet, pure, lovely women of *Schleswig-Holstein*—I should have naught to say to you in his behalf." (Number 11 leaned forward and gazed searchingly into the lawyer's face.) "But alas, no! *Schleswig-Holstein* produces a virtue, a loveliness, a nobility of its own." (Number 11 sat up and proudly expanded his chest.)

When, after about an hour or more of *Schleswig-Holstein*, the defendant's counsel surrendered the floor to the district attorney, the latter found it quite impossible to secure the slightest attention from the eleventh juror, who seemed to be spending his time in casting compassionate glances in the direction of the prisoner. In due course the jury retired, but had no sooner reached their room and closed the door than the old German cried, "Dot man is *not guilty!*" The other eleven wrestled with him in vain. He remained impervious to argument for seventeen hours, declining to discuss the evidence, and muttering at intervals, "*Dot man iss not guilty!*" The other eleven stood unanimously for murder in the first degree, which was the only logical verdict that could possibly have been returned upon the evidence.

A Little Race Prejudice

AT LAST, worn out with their efforts, they finally induced the old German to compromise with them on a verdict of manslaughter. Wearily they straggled in, the old native of Schleswig-Holstein bringing up the rear, bursting with exultation and with victory in his eye.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?" inquired the clerk.

"We have," replied the foreman.

"How say you, do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty—of manslaughter," returned the foreman feebly.

The district attorney was aghast at such a miscarriage of justice, and the judge showed plainly by his demeanor his opinion of such a verdict. But the old inhabitant of Schleswig-Holstein cared for this not a whit. The old mother in Schleswig-Holstein might still clasp her son in her arms before she died! The defendant was arraigned at the bar.

"How old are you?" asked the clerk.

"Thirty-five," was the reply.

"Are your parents living?"

"*both dead*," replied the defendant.

"Where were you born?"

"Hamburg," answered the prisoner.

The "tricks of the trade" as practiced by the astute and unscrupulous criminal lawyer vary with the stage of the case and the character of the crime charged. They are also adapted with careful attention to the disposition, experience and capacity of the particular district attorney who happens to be trying the case against the defendant. An illustration of one of these occurred during the prosecution of a bartender for selling "spirituous liquors" without a proper license. He was defended by an old war-horse of the criminal bar who was famous for his astuteness and ability to laugh a case out of court. The assistant district attorney who appeared against him was a young man recently appointed to office, and who was almost overcome at the idea of trying a case against so well known a practitioner. He had personally conducted but very few cases, had an excessive conception of his own dignity, and dreaded nothing so much as to appear ridiculous. Everything, except the evidence, favored the defendant, who, however, was, beyond every doubt, guilty of the offense charged.

Something Still to Learn

THE young assistant put in his case, calling his witnesses one by one and examining them with the most feverish anxiety lest he should forget something. The lawyer for the defense made no cross-examination and contented himself with smiling blandly as each witness left the stand. The youthful prosecutor became more and more nervous. He was sure that something was wrong, but he couldn't just make out what. At the conclusion of the People's case the lawyer inquired, with a broad grin, "if that was all."

The young assistant replied that it was, and that, in his opinion, it was "quite enough."

"Let that be noted by the stenographer," remarked the lawyer. "Now, if your Honors please," he continued, addressing the three judges of the Special Sessions before whom he had practiced for nearly a generation, "you all know how interested I am to see these young lawyers growing up. I like to help 'em along—give 'em a chance—teach 'em a thing or two. I trust it may not be out of place for me to say that I like my young friend here and think he tried his case very well. But he has a great deal to learn. I'm always glad, as I said, to give the boys a chance—to give 'em a little experience. I shall not put my client upon the stand. It is not necessary. *The fact is*," turning suddenly to the unfortunate assistant district attorney—"my client *has* a license." He drew from his pocket a folded paper and handed it to the paralyzed young attorney with the harsh demand: "What do you say to that?"

The assistant took the paper in trembling fingers and perused it as well as he could in his unnerved condition.

"Mr. District Attorney," remarked the presiding justice dryly (which did not lessen the confusion of the young lawyer), "is this a fact? Has the defendant a license?"

"Yes, your Honors," replied the assistant; "this paper seems to be a license."

"Defendant discharged!" remarked the court briefly.

The prisoner stepped from the bar and rapidly disappeared through the door of the courtroom. After enough time had elapsed to give him a good start and while another case was being called, the old lawyer leaned over to the assistant and remarked with a chuckle:

"I am always glad to give the boys a chance—help 'em along—teach 'em a little. That license was a *beer* license!"

Happily for the course of justice, such inexperience in a prosecutor is probably rare. The old practitioner showed a considerable amount of discrimination.

To begin at the beginning, whenever a person has been arrested, charged with crime, and has secured a criminal lawyer to defend him, the first move of the latter is naturally to try and nip the case in the bud by inducing the complaining witness to abandon the prosecution. In a vast number of cases he is successful. He appeals to the charity of the injured party, quotes a little of the Scriptures and the "Golden Rule," pictures the destitute condition of the defendant's family should he be cast into prison, and the dragging of an honored name in the gutter if he should be convicted. Few complainants have, theretofore, ever appeared in a police court, and are filled with repugnance at the treatment of prisoners and the suffering which they observe upon every side. After they have seen the prisoner emerge from the cells, pale, hollow-eyed, bedraggled, and have beheld the tears of his wife and children as they crowd around the husband and father, they begin to realize the horrible consequences of a criminal prosecution and to regret that they ever took the steps which have brought the wrongdoer where he is. The district attorney (who rarely appears in police courts) has not yet taken up the case; the prosecution up to this point is of a private character; there are loud promises of "restitution" and future good behavior from the defendant, and the occasion is ripe for the lawyer to urge the complainant to "temper justice with mercy" and withdraw "before it be too late and the poor man be ruined forever."

REGRETS

By Carolyn Wells

I cannot wear the old gowns
I wore a year ago,
The styles are so eccentric,
And fashion changes so;
These bygone gowns are out of date
There must be nine or ten!)
I cannot wear the old gowns,
Nor don those frocks again.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The skirts are far too tight,
They do not flare correctly and
The trimming isn't right.
The Spanish flounce is fagoted,
The plaits are box, not knife;
I cannot wear the old gowns—
I'd look like Noah's wife.

I cannot wear the old gowns,
The sleeves are so absurd;
They're tightly fitted at the top,
And at the wrist they're shirred!
The shoulder-seams are far too long,
The collars too high-necked;
I cannot wear my old gowns
And keep my self-respect!

If the complainant is, however, bent on bringing the defendant to justice and remains adamantine to the arguments of the lawyer and the tears of the defendant's family connections, it remains for the prisoner's attorney to endeavor to get the case adjourned "until matters can be adjusted"—to wit, restitution made if money has been stolen, or doctors' bills paid if a head has been cracked, with perhaps another chance of "pulling off" the complainant and his witnesses. Failing in an attempt to secure an adjournment, two courses remain open: first, to persuade the court that the matter is a trivial one arising out of petty spite, is all a mistake, or that at best it is a case of "disorderly conduct" (and thus induce the judge to "turn the case out" or inflict some trifling punishment in the shape of a fine); or, second, *if* it be clear that a real crime has been committed, to clamor for an immediate hearing in order, if it be secured, to subject the prosecution's witnesses to a most exhaustive cross-examination, and thus get a clear idea of just what evidence there is against the accused.

Clogging the Wheels of Justice

AT THE conclusion of the complainant's case, *if* it appear reasonably certain that the magistrate will "hold" the prisoner for the action of a superior court, the lawyer will then "waive further examination," or, in other words, put in no defense, preferring the certainty of having to face a jury trial to affording the prosecution an opportunity to discover exactly what defense will be put in and secure evidence in advance of the trial to rebut it. Thus it rarely happens in criminal cases of importance that the district attorney knows what the defense is to be until the defendant himself takes the stand, and, by "waiving further examination" in the police court, the astute criminal attorney may select at his leisure the defense best suited to fit in with and render nugatory the prosecution's evidence.

I have frequently been told by the attorney for a defendant on trial for crime that "the defense has not yet been decided upon." In fact, such statements are exceedingly common. And in many courts the attitude of all parties concerned seems to be that the defendant will put up a perjured defense (so far as his own testimony is concerned, at any rate) as a matter of course, and that this is hardly to be taken against him.

On the other hand, if a guilty defendant has been so badly advised as to give his own version of the case before the magistrate in the first instance, it requires but slight assiduity on the part of the district attorney to secure, in the interval between the hearing and the jury trial, ample evidence to rebut it. "When, gentlemen, did this ingenious defense first make its appearance?" is a favorite and salient argument of the prosecution for the jury.

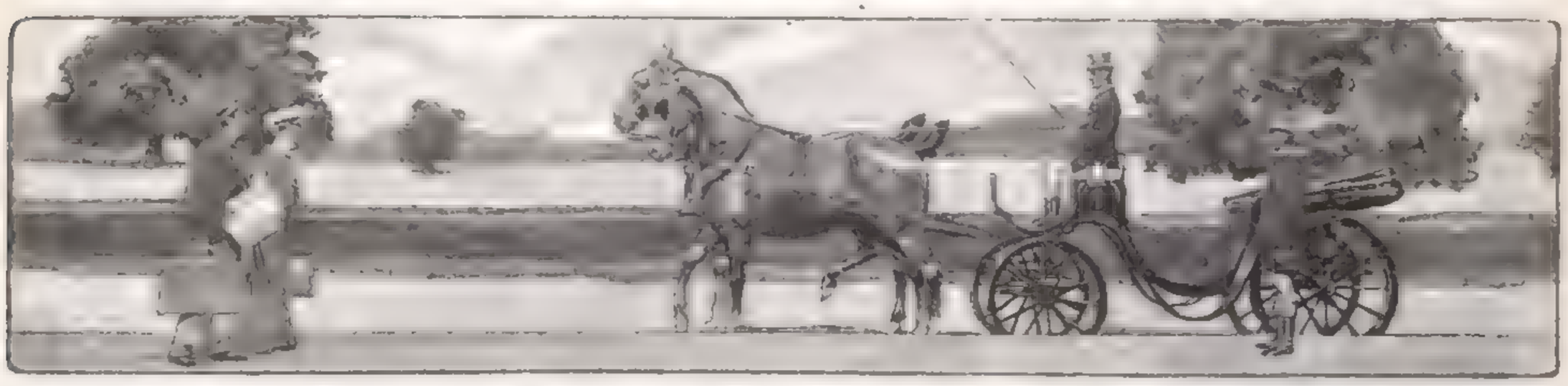
As illustrating the fertility and resourcefulness of some defendants (or perhaps their counsel) the writer recalls a case which he tried in the year 1902 where the defendant, a druggist, was charged with manslaughter in having caused the death of an infant by filling a doctor's prescription for calomel with morphine. It so happened that two jars containing standard pills had been standing side by side upon an adjacent shelf, and, a prescription for morphine having come in at the same time as that for the calomel, the druggist had carelessly filled the morphine prescription with calomel, and the calomel prescription with morphine. The adult for whom the morphine had been desired recovered immediately under the beneficent influence of the calomel, but the baby for whom the calomel had been ordered died from the effects of the first morphine pill administered. All this had occurred in 1897—five years before. The remainder of the pills had disappeared.

Six Excuses for One Crime

UPON the trial (no inconsistent, if any, contention having been entered in the police court) the prisoner's counsel introduced six separate defenses, to wit: That the prescription had been *properly* filled with calomel and the child had died from natural causes, the following being suggested:

(Concluded on Page 23)

THE TERRIBLE HORSE



Why He is the Most Dangerous Animal in the World

BY RENÉ BACHE

THIS is a story about the most dangerous animal in the world—a creature which annually kills and maims more human beings than are slain or injured by any other beast.

Owing to its great usefulness to man, and to long habit of familiar intimacy between the animal in question and ourselves, the destruction it accomplishes has come to be regarded as a matter of course, not in any way to be avoided, and, therefore, not provocative of special attention. Nobody, indeed, seems ever to have investigated the subject, or to have taken the trouble to get together in a comprehensave way facts and figures bearing upon it.

Yet, of all accidents to human beings, fatal or disabling, including mischances of every kind and description, not less than twelve per cent. are caused, directly or indirectly, by this fear-inspiring creature. Just think of it—twelve out of every hundred mishaps involving physical injury more or less serious! These are official accident-insurance figures, accepted as approximate by all of the companies, and it must be confessed that they present a very serious indictment against man's "noble servant," the horse.

Alas! yes; it is the horse that is accountable for all this mischief. Indeed, the statement that it is the most dangerous animal in the world may be thoroughly substantiated by reliable figures. To say that it "kills and maims more human beings than are slain or injured by any other beast" puts the truth in the case inadequately; for the fact is that not all the tigers, lions and other destructive creatures in existence, wild or tame, including venomous snakes, do more than a fraction of the amount of damage that is inflicted in the way of maiming and killing by horses.

Now it is reckoned by the accident-insurance companies that one in every seven men meets with a disabling accident of some kind in the course of each twelvemonth. Women, of course, suffer mishaps less frequently, being not so much exposed to dangers incidental to trades and outdoor sports; but, though figures regarding the liability of the gentler sex to mischances have never been compiled, it would surely be within the mark to say that, taking the whole population in a lump, including men, women and children, one person in every twelve is "knocked out" in one way or another, the injuries varying from slight to fatal, in any given year. On this basis it is easily calculated that more than six and a half millions of people in this country experience annually some sort of disablement.

Nearly a Million Wounds a Year

TAKING this as the total number of disabling accidents and assuming that horses cause twelve per cent. of them, it appears that these animals are accountable, directly or indirectly, for about 780,000, or say three-quarters of a million, more or less serious mishaps in the United States every year. If these mischances result fatally in only one per cent. of all cases—certainly a very conservative estimate—the number of deaths annually in this country, attributable to horses, cannot be far from 8000—a loss of life greater than would be likely to occur in a considerable battle.

One reason why the percentage of fatalities is so large may be found in the fact that persons who are run over by horse-drawn vehicles are mostly either children or else aged and decrepit. Being very young or very old, they succumb to injuries from which adults in the prime of life would recover. Anybody who reads the newspapers can hardly have failed to be struck by the great number of children who, especially in the poorer districts of cities, where the street is the only possible playground, are massacred by carelessly-driven wagons.

In no battle in the history of the world have one-third as many persons been wounded as were disabled by horses in this country during the last twelve months. There were engaged in the recent campaign in Manchuria, including both Russians and Japanese, the largest forces that have been opposed to each other in modern times, numbering about 750,000—a total less by some thousands, it will be noticed, than that of the people injured by horses, directly or indirectly, in the United States during a twelvemonth.

To be strictly just, there are a great many accidents indirectly due to horses for which those animals are only constructively responsible. A small boy may try to steal a ride on a wagon, and, falling off, may be run over or otherwise hurt. If there had been no horse, the child would not have been injured, but the beast was surely not at fault.

Man's Friend and Man's Fool

THE chief cause of horse accidents, however, lies in the fact that this noble animal—beautiful, docile, affectionate; man's faithful friend and patient servant—is born a fool, and never gets over it. Its intelligence is overestimated.

One of the accident-insurance companies recently published a statement, based upon its own returns, which showed that out of one hundred average accidents caused by the horse, the railroad, the automobile and the bicycle, eighty-two are attributable to the equine brute, nine to the railroad, five to the motor-car, and four to the "silent wheel." One reason why physicians are rated as bad risks is that they use horses so much for driving about—an idea the justice of which is indicated by the fact that, out of 972 accidents to doctors recorded by another concern, 267, or considerably more than one-fourth, were due to horses.

With average luck, if you are a man, you are due to be disabled more or less seriously by a horse once in a lifetime of sixty years. If it were possible for you to live long enough to have one hundred such accidents, you might reasonably expect to be bitten on three occasions—a horse bite is no joke, by the way—to be kicked nineteen times, to be knocked down twelve times, to be stepped on eight times, to fall off while riding three times, to be hurt while getting into or out of vehicles eight times, and to suffer injury in runaways forty-two times. The balance of the mischances would be miscellaneous.

The principal destruction of human life by tigers is in India, where, according to the official reports of the British Government, those formidable animals kill about one thousand persons annually. Data on the subject for the rest of the world are not obtainable, but it is quite certain that all the tigers on the earth do not destroy half as many human beings in a twelvemonth as are slain in the same length of time by horses in the United States alone. Twenty thousand people are fatally bitten by venomous snakes in India during an average year, but all the cobras, rattlesnakes and other serpents in the world do not cause anything like half as many deaths as are occasioned by horses.

Statistics show that nearly half of all the runaways are delivery wagons. The teams are left unattended in the street, something frightens the horses, and off they go. When carriages are run away with—this is a point well worth considering—the serious consequences are nearly always due to the foolishness of jumping out. If such a thing ever happens to you, remember that you have nine chances out of ten of escaping uninjured if you hang on.

The accident companies do a great deal of business in what they call "team insurance"—a branch of policy-writing which presents many curious and eccentric features. One of these concerns, for example, will, for ten dollars a year, become responsible for all mishaps to human beings that may be caused by a horse and buggy. The annual premium is forty-five dollars, however, for an ice wagon, which is rated as almost the most hazardous of all vehicles. It is open at the back, with a step, upon which children are tempted to climb for the purpose of getting pieces of ice, and, as an additional element of danger, the wagon is so heavy that, if it does run over anybody, the consequences are likely to be fatal.

Next in the scale of hazard after the ice wagon comes the express wagon. Being heavy and moving at a rapid trot, it is a notoriously dangerous vehicle.

The only vehicle rated as more dangerous than the ice wagon is the newspaper delivery wagon, which is considered such a hazardous risk that most of the companies regard it as practically non-insurable. Especially in the handling of afternoon papers these wagons take extraordinary chances, the bundles being thrown into them at the last possible moment, to be transported in the least number of minutes to the railroad stations, or to distributing centres miles away. Fast horses are used, and the driving is utterly regardless of the lives and limbs of pedestrians. In New York City such wagons appear to enjoy, without being in the slightest degree entitled to it, the same right of way that is possessed under the law by ambulances, patrol wagons and fire engines.

It is interesting to consider, for the sake of comparison, that, whereas one out of every nine disabling accidents is due to horses, only one in about five hundred is attributable to dogs. A dog-bite, though it may be inflicted quite intentionally by the brute, is classed as accidental by the insurance companies. One accident in eight hundred, or thereabouts, is met with in the handling of cattle, the victim being knocked down, run over or hooked; one in 2000 is contributed by the kick of a mule, and one in 15,000 by the bite of a rat. Record is obtainable of only one cat mishap to an insured person; but in this case the policy-holder kicked at the animal and, missing it, broke his leg against a sofa. Blood-poisoning set in, and he died.

A Purveyor of Disease

A DISCUSSION of dangers attributable to horses would be incomplete without some reference to the fact that they are responsible for the existence of the multitudes of house-flies which, apart from the discomfort they cause in summer, are known to be carriers of disease germs. Every stable in warm weather is a fly factory, in active operation night and day. It is safe to predict that within a few years—say a quarter of a century hence at furthest—this nuisance, which continues to exist simply because we have not taken the small amount of trouble necessary to suppress it, will have been practically done away with by the adoption of preventive measures.

When the annual fly plague ceases to recur, a serious menace to the health of the community—for which we ourselves and not the poor horse are really to blame—will have been removed.

Meanwhile let us acknowledge that the horse, after all, is the most useful of all animals to man, bar none, and that if, owing to its timidity and lack of cleverness, it is a cause of many serious and not a few fatal accidents, the services it renders to the human race are so valuable as to compensate many times over for all the mischief it commits.

"A Bundle of Myrrh"

By William Allen White

"An Honest an Old Mick as You'd Meet in a Day's Journey"

ONE of the first things a new reporter on our paper has to learn is the kinology of the town. Until he knows who is kin to whom, and how, a reporter is likely to make a bad break at any time. And the kinology of a country town is no simple proposition. After a man has spent ten years writing up weddings, births and deaths, attending old settlers' picnics, family reunions and golden weddings, he may run into a new line of kin that opens a whole avenue of hitherto unexplainable facts to him, showing why certain families line up in the ward primaries, and why certain others are fighting tooth and toe-nail.

The only person in town who knows all of our kinology—and most of that in the county, where it is a separate and interminable study—is "Aunt" Martha Merryfield. She has lived here since the early fifties, and was a Perkins, one of the eleven Perkins children that grew up in town; and the Perkinses were related by marriage to the Mortons, of whom there are over fifty living adult descendants on the town site now. So one begins to see why she is called Aunt Martha Merryfield. She is literally aunt to over a hundred people here, and the habit of calling her "Aunt" has spread from them to the rest of the population.

She lives alone in the big brick house on the hill, though her children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren are in and out all day and most of the night, so she is not at all lonesome. She is the only person to whom we can look for accurate information about local history, and when a man dies who has been at all prominent in affairs of the town or county or State, we always call up "Aunt" Martha on the 'phone, or send a reporter to her, to learn the real printable and unprintable truth about him. She knew whom he "went with" before he was married, and why they "broke off," and what crowd he associated with in the early days; how he got his money, and what they used to "say" about him. If a family began putting on frills, she could tell how the head of the house got his start by stealing "aid" sent to the grasshopper sufferers and opening a store with the goods. If a woman began speaking of her hired girl as her "maid," contrary to the vernacular rules of the town, Aunt Martha did not hesitate to bring up the subject of the flour-sack underwear which the woman wore when she was a girl during the drought of '60.

"Jim Purdy, Taken the Day He Left for the Army"

Aunt Martha used to bring us flowers for the office table, and it was her delight to sit down and take out her corn-knife—as she called it—and go after the town shams. She promised a dozen times to write an article for the paper, which she said we dared not print, entitled Self-made Women I Have Known. She said men were always bragging about how they had clerked, worked on farms, dug ditches and whacked mules across the plains before the railroads came, but that their wives insisted that they were princesses of the royal blood. She said she was going to include in her Self-made Women only those who had worked out, and she maintained that we would be surprised at the list.

Her particular animosity in the town was Mrs. Elnora Neal Worthing. Aunt Martha told us that when Tim Neal came to town he had a brogue you could scrape with a knife and an "O" before his name you could hoop a hogshead with. "And that woman," exclaimed Aunt Martha, when she was under full sail, "that woman, because she has two bookcases in the front room, and reads the book-reviews in the Delineator, thinks that she is cultured. When her folks first came to town, they were poor as Job's turkey, which was not to their discredit—every one was poor in those days. The old man O'Neal was as honest an old Mick as you'd meet in a day's journey, or at a fair, and he used to run a lemonade and peanut stand down by the bank corner. But his girls, who got their daily bread out of it, used to refer to the peanut stand as 'papa's hobby,' and pretend that he only ran it for recreation, and say: 'Now *why* do you suppose papa enjoys it?—We just can't get him to give it up!' Of course they couldn't! 'Papa' would have taken the family to the poor-house if he had given it up. And now she is president of the Woman's Council, has stomach trouble, has had two operations, and is suffering untold agonies with acute culturitus. And yet," Aunt Martha would say through a beatific smile, "she's a good-enough woman in many ways, and I wouldn't say anything against her for the world."

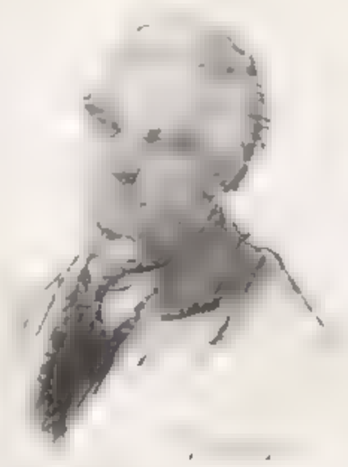
Once Miss Larrabee, the society editor, brought back this from a visit to Aunt Martha: "I know, my dear, that your paper says that there are no cliques and crowds in society in this town, and that it is so democratic. But you and I know the truth. We know about society in this town. We know that if there ever was a town that looked like a side of bacon—streak of lean and streak of fat all the way down—it is this blessed place. Crowds?—why, I've lived here over fifty years and it was always crowds. 'Way back in the days when the boys used to pick us up and carry us across Elm Creek when we went to dances, there were crowds. The girls who crossed on the boys' backs weren't considered quite proper by the girls who were carried over in the boys' arms. And they didn't dance in the same set."

Miss Larrabee says she looked into the elder woman's eyes to find which crowd Aunt Martha belonged to, when she flashed out:

"Oh, child, you needn't look at me—I did both; it depended on who was looking! But, as I was saying, if any one knows about society in this town, I do. I went to every dance in town for the first twenty-five years, and I have made potato salad to pay the salary of every Methodist preacher for the past thirty years, and I ought to know what I'm talking about." There was fire enough to twinkle in her old eyes as she spoke. "Beginning at the bottom, one may say that the base of society is the little tads, ranging down from what your paper calls the Amalgamated Handholders, to the trundle-bed trash just out of their kissing games. It's funny to watch the little tads grow up and pair off and see how bravely they try to keep in the swim. I've seen ten grandchildren set out and I've a great-grandchild whose mother will be pushing her out before she is old enough to know anything. When young people first get married they all say they're not going to be old-marriedy, and they hang on to the dances and little hops until the first baby comes. Then they don't get out to the dances much, but they join a card club."

In her dissertation on the social progress of young married people, Aunt Martha explained that after the second year the couple go only to the big dances where every one is invited, but they pay more attention to cards. The young mother begins going to afternoon parties, and they have the other young married couples in for dinner. Then, before they know it, they are invited out to receptions and parties, where the little tads preside at the punch-bowls and wait on table, and are seen and not heard. Aunt Martha continued:

"By the time the second baby comes they take one of two shoots—either go in for church socials or edge into a whist club. In this town, I think, on the whole, that the Congregational Whist Club is younger and gayer than the Presbyterian Whist Club, but in most towns the Episcopalians have the really fashionable club. Of course, these clubs never call themselves by the church names, but they are generally made up along church lines—except we poor Methodists and Baptists—we have to divide ourselves out among the others to keep the preacher from going after us."



A Smooth-Faced, Unwrinkled, Rather Blank-Eyed Old Man

Aunt Martha's eyes danced with the mischief in her heart as she went on: "Now, if after the second baby comes, the young parents begin to feel like saving money, and being some one at the bank, they join church and go in for church socials, which don't take as much time or money as the whist clubs and receptions. The babies keep coming and the young people keep on improving their home, moving from the little house to the big house—and the young man's name begins to creep into lists of directors at the bank, and they are invited out to the big parties, and she goes to all the stand-up and gabble-gobble-and-git receptions. And as they grow older they are asked with the preachers and widows for the first night of a series of parties at a house to get them out of the way and over with before the dancing crowd comes later in the week. When they get to a point where the young folks laugh and clap their hands at little pudgy daddy when he dances 'Old Dan Tucker' at the big parties in the brick houses, it's all up with them—they are old married folks, and the next step takes them to the old folks' whist club, where the bankers' wives and the insurance widows run things. That is really the inner sanctuary, the holy of holies, in the society of this town."

After a pause, Aunt Martha added: "You'd think, to hear these chosen people of the sanctuary talk, that the benighted souls who go to missionary teas, Woman's Relief Corps chicken-pie suppers, and get up bean-dinners for the church on election day, lived on another planet. Yet I guess we're all made of the same kind of mud.

"That reminds me of the Higginsons. When they came here, back in the seventies, it happened to be Fourth of July, and the band was out playing in the grove by the depot, and Mrs. Higginson got off the train quite grandly and bowed and waved her hand to the band, and the Major walked over and gave the band leader five dollars. They said afterward that they felt deeply touched to find a raw Western town so appreciative of the coming of an old New England family that it greeted them with a band. Before Mrs. Higginson had been here three weeks she called on me, 'as one of the first ladies of the town,' she said, to organize and see if we couldn't break up the habit of the hired girls eating at the table with the family." Aunt Martha smiled and her eyes glittered as she added: "After they organized, the titled aristocracy of this town did their own work and sent the washing out for a year or more."

The talk drifted back to the old days, and Aunt Martha got out her photograph-album, and showed Miss Larrabee

the pictures of those whom she called "the rude forefathers of the village," in their quaint old costumes of war-times. In the book were baby pictures of middle-aged men and women, and youthful pictures of the old men and women of the town. But most interesting of all to Miss Larrabee were the daguerreotypes—quaint old portraits in their little black boxes, framed in plush and gilt. The old woman brought out picture after picture—her husband's among the others, in a broad beaver hat with a high choker—taken back in Battleboro before he came to Kansas. She looked at it for a long minute, and then said gayly to Miss Larrabee: "He was a handsome boy—quite the beau of the State when we were married—Judge of the District Court at twenty-four." She held the case in her hand and went on opening the others. She came to one showing a mustached and goateed youth in a captain's uniform—a slim, straight, soldierly figure. As she passed it to Miss Larrabee Aunt Martha looked sidewise at her as she asked: "You wouldn't know him now? Yet you see him every day, I suppose." After the girl shook her head, the elder woman continued: "Well, that's Jim Purdy, taken the day he left for the army." She sighed as she said. "Let me see, I guess I haven't happened to run across Jim for ten years or more, but he didn't look much like this then. Poor old Jim, they tell me he's not having the best time in the world. Someway, all the old-timers that are living seem to be hard up—or in bad health, or unhappy. It doesn't seem right—after what they've done and what they've gone through. But I guess it's the way of life. It's the way life gets even with us for letting us outlive the others. Compensation—as Emerson says."

As Miss Larrabee came down the lilac-bordered walk from the stately old brick house, carrying a great bouquet of sweet peas and nasturtiums and poppies and phlox, a fleeting memory kept tantalizing her of some association she had in her mind of Uncle Jimmy Purdy and Aunt Martha.

When the occasion made itself, Miss Larrabee asked her grandmother the question that puzzled her, and learned that Martha Perkins and Jim Purdy were lovers before the war, and that she was wearing his ring when he went away—thinking he would be back in a few weeks with the Rebellion put down. In his first fight he was shot in the head and was in the hospital for a year, demented, and when he was put back in the ranks he was captured and his name given out among the killed. In prison his dementia returned and he stayed there two years. Then for the year after his exchange he followed the Union Army like a dumb creature, and not until two years after the close of the war did the poor fellow drift home again, as one from the dead—all uncertain of the past and unfitted for the future

And his sweetheart drank her cup alone. The old settlers say that she never flinched nor shrank, but for years, even after her marriage to the Judge, the young woman kept the little grave covered with flowers, that bore the simple words: "Martha, aged five months and three days." They say that she did not lose her courage and that she bent her head for no one. But the war brought her neighbors so many sorrows that Martha's trouble was forgotten, and the years passed and only the old people of the community know about the little grave beside the Judge's and their little boy's. And Jimmy Purdy grew into a smooth-faced, unwrinkled, rather blank-eyed old man, clerking in the book-store for a time, serving as City Clerk for twenty years, and later living at the Palace Hotel on his pension. He worshiped Aunt Martha's children and her children's children, but he never saw her except when they met in some casual way. She was married when he came back from the war, and if he ever knew her agony he never spoke of it. Whenever he talked of the events before the war, his face wore a troubled, baffled look, and he did not seem to remember things clearly

One day they found him dead in his bed. And Miss Larrabee hurried out to Aunt Martha's to get the facts about his life for the paper. It was a bright October morning as she went up the walk to the old brick house, and she heard some one playing on the piano, rolling the chords, after the grandiose manner of pianists fifty years ago. A voice seemed to be singing an old ballad. It was quavering and unsure, but with a moan of passion the words came forth:

"As I lay my heart on your dead heart,
Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true ——"

And suddenly the voice choked in a groan, and, as she stood by the open door, Miss Larrabee could see in the darkened room

Most Interesting of All were the Daguerreotypes

the figure of an old woman racked with sobs on a great mahogany sofa, and on the floor beside her lay a daguerreotype, glinting its gilt and glass through the gloom And the girl tiptoed across the porch, down the steps, through the garden and out of the gate

"Douglas, Douglas, Tender and True"

The Forester's Opportunity

A LUMBER magnate on a business visit to the East said to me: "The greatest opportunity to-day for the young man who enjoys outdoor life is to take up forestry as a business or profession. We have the greatest difficulty in keeping good foresters on our lumber tracts, for the temptation of other companies to bid for their services is constantly upsetting our plans. Three years ago we paid $1500 a year for our head forester and $1200 for an assistant. This year we are paying our head forester $3000 and an assistant $2000."

This truthfully represents the steady advance in the rewards paid to competent foresters. Private timber owners are on a still hunt for them. They are bidding against the States and the National Government. Last year the Bureau of Forestry lost seven of its men because private owners of forests needed their services and offered higher remuneration. Satisfied, however, with the encouragement given by its efforts to restore and maintain our forest preserves, the Bureau of Forestry does not resent this interference with its force.

Trained State foresters have suddenly come into prominence, and a good many of the Western States owning large tracts of timber pay excellent salaries for the services of the right men. California pays its head forester $2400 a year and two assistants $1000 each. Wisconsin pays its assistant $1500. Washington holds a prize of $1800 for a trained man to take charge of her forests. Massachusetts, Connecticut and Indiana have good foresters working for them at salaries ranging from $1200 to $3000 a year.

Bidding against the State for these foresters are the great lumber companies, railroad companies and extensive manufacturers of wood novelties and furniture. In nearly all cases the industrial concerns offer larger salaries than the State forestry departments, and the latter frequently hold the office open for months at a time for some competent man to fill. So far, politics have had little to do in deciding the appointment of foresters. It is the one office that is not overrun with applicants. There are more positions than men to fill them.

It was only a few years ago that the position of forester was declared as an entirely new profession in this country, with great opportunities offered for those who took up with the work. There were not more than half a dozen trained foresters in the country then, and these were mostly in the employ of the United States Government. The prediction has more than been justified. Practical foresters are to-day the most independent and most sought after of all professionally-trained men.

Manufacturers of furniture and wood novelties are moving their factories to the woods, where commercial products can be made near the supply of raw material. Scores of the largest furniture factories are located in the Michigan woods, and in Maine factories which make fruit baskets, tubs, barrels and general novelties are buried in the very heart of the woods. This movement was first started because the supplies could be obtained cheaper, and the manufactured articles could be shipped to market at much less expense than the raw lumber. The factories were largely of a temporary nature, and constructed in such a way that they could be easily moved. As the timber supply became exhausted the factories were moved farther into the woods.

The practical forester has in recent years been called in to remedy this inconvenient way of working. Usually he selects the site for the new factory in a region which can supply timber for ages to come. The surrounding woods are divided into ranges, and as fast as one is thinned out new trees are planted. No parts of the woods are destroyed or ruthlessly denuded of all trees. The factory is built for permanent work, and railroads radiate from it in all directions. The supply of raw material thus being assured, there is no question about the permanent returns on large investments in expensive machinery and factory equipment. Thousands of dollars are saved the manufacturers simply in the matter of better machinery. The best is none too good for these forest factories, and it is not unusual to find a single one investing $50,000 in new equipments of machines and labor-saving devices.

These are but a few of the different fields in which the practical forester of to-day finds his services of value. In many lines of work he has succeeded in revolutionizing old conditions, and his future is bright with opportunities and possibilities. Lumber in the past twenty-five years has increased in price more than fifty per cent., and building interests have found it necessary to utilize concrete blocks, burnt clay bricks and tiles for the main walls of their structures to prevent a famine in lumber. It is generally accepted by architects and builders that the house of the future will have wood only for the interior not so much because it is not fireproof, but because of its rapidly increasing cost.

So our forests will ever tend to increase in value, and the trained forester will increase in importance as the years go by. If his opportunities are great to-day, what may they not be in ten or twenty years from now?

—*George Ethelbert Walsh.*

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ New York longs to be better, but not good.

¶ Temptation never stays where it is not welcome.

¶ The secret of perfect contentment is that there isn't any.

¶ It is easier to leave the wrong thing unsaid than to unsay it.

¶ War is over, but the automobile will continue its work on the surplus population.

¶ The man who thinks he is a wit should talk into a phonograph—and then be made to listen.

¶ An irreducible minimum is the feeling of the young man who seeks a wife and acquires a would-be sister.

¶ These investigations are making the prospects of the next Presidential campaign funds look like old bills for last year's Christmas presents.

How to Wake the People

AN OLD peasant in a German village had to leave his little children alone in the house for the day. "If a thief comes," he said to them, "do not cry 'Thief!' For everybody will be afraid, will say to himself: 'After all, it's not my property that's being taken.' No, my children shout 'Fire!' The whole village will run to help you, for everybody will be afraid the fire will spread."

How arouse the moral sense of the community, the country, to action? If those who have been despoiled shriek out the fact, they are sure of heartfelt sympathy, and the general opinion, loudly expressed, will be that "something really ought to be done." But to get action the whole public, all of it that has property to lose, must be shown that it has been robbed, that it is being robbed, that, unless the country stops it, the robbery will go on. And, best of all, men must feel not merely that they have lost what they might, and again might not, have gained, but also that they have lost something they counted on in advance and had already spent or hoarded in imagination. Then, indeed, does a flame of anger flare that wanes not.

The Sleeping-Car Jack Horner

TO APPRECIATE the size of St. Peter's, compare its bulk with that of a man standing before it—instead of looking up the statement of dimensions in the guide-book. To comprehend the colossal extent of the railroad pie, look at some of the plums which have been extracted therefrom—instead of studying the figures in the Interstate Commerce Commission's annual report. The great Standard Oil Company, for example, is largely a mere aggregation of discriminatory freight rates, and other large fortunes have been picked from the same pastry.

As an illustration on the passenger side, the Pullman Company's recently published report for the last fiscal year is highly interesting. The company was able to earn, net, over ten million dollars, or thirteen per cent. on its capital stock. The surplus now exceeds twenty millions, and toothsome rumors of an approaching melon-cutting are rife in the Street. It seems high time. The stockholders have had to be content with the mere eight per cent. a year regular dividends for seven years. In 1898 the melon consisted of an extra cash dividend of twenty per cent., and an extra stock dividend of fifty per cent.—the stock thus gratuitously distributed, if taken at its current price of about $250 a share, being worth forty-five million dollars; so the melon of 1898, in fact, amounted to 145 per cent.

This certainly is prosperity, and the tax per capita on the fifteen million passengers who rode in Pullman cars last year was a mere bagatelle. Regarded at another angle, the prosperity is not quite so overwhelming. While in three years gross earnings increased six and a quarter millions, or thirty per cent., total wages paid, with substantially the same number of employees, increased half a million, or five per cent. Since 1900 net earnings for stockholders have increased more than fifty per cent., and the average wage for each employee at the Pullman shops has increased from $612 to $646 a year, or five per cent.

Our Crowding Habit

WHATEVER may be the trouble with our American birthrate, to talk about overcrowding is sheer nonsense. Take the matter of area alone. We have eighty million people and we talk of a density—a sparsity rather—of twenty-seven to the square mile of our three million square miles. But one-third of our eighty millions live in cities and towns that take up practically no room at all. One American in every twenty is a New Yorker; one in every ten is a resident of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Boston and Baltimore; if you add Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco, Cincinnati and Pittsburg, you have one-eighth of our whole population. In fact, cutting out the cities and towns, you have a "density" of less than fifteen to the square mile of land area, or six hundred and forty acres to every four families.

No, there is plenty of room; we are too far apart to be comfortable; we need nearer neighbors. The trouble is that a few of us, a few hundred out of fourscore million, have been allowed to get that crowding habit, and to "get it bad." But we will stop that presently.

Plow the Brains

THE farmer with his auto and his telephone, his rural free delivery and his books, magazines and newspapers, makes a pleasing figure, in startling contrast to the "hey Rube" of the comic papers of a few, a very few, years ago. But in the long days of the oncoming stock season he would do well to think of what he has, chiefly as it opens up vistas of what he has not but ought to have and can have.

He gives entirely too much to the middlemen between him and the consumer. He deals too exclusively in raw products; he does not think enough about his market—the market that should be his—about the wants of its throngs of consumers, about ways of tempting them to part with larger sums in exchange for wares he has taken the pains to make more attractive as well as more useful.

The farmer is no longer an isolated person, except as he persists in the old ways and isolates himself. He ought to get into closer touch with his neighboring farmers; and they ought to plan to produce finished products in cooperation.

Plow the brain as well as the soil, and the good years become great and the bad years good.

Will Women Vote?

"SHALL women go into politics?" may be an interesting question, but it is for debating clubs, not for the arena of practical life. "Will women go into politics?" is the practical question.

Fifty years ago the debating clubs discussed, "Shall women go into business?" It was decided that they should not, the women themselves being most eager advocates of the negative. Yet here the women are, swarming into business, and thinking out new lines of work. And they are protesting the while that they much prefer the "sphere of the home." May this not be the result in politics, too? How long will it be before the business woman demands the franchise? And, when she is numerous and determined, how is mere man to stand out against her?

The world moves. We may not like it; usually we don't. But move it will, and the only certain thing about its movements is that what was yesterday, and what is to-day, will not be to-morrow.

The Sovereign and the Sea

IT IS well to believe in the power of the ballot; but it is not well to lose sight of the narrow limits within which this power can operate. The many well-meaning persons who think that salvation is to be found in merely voting right should take a glance at Chicago. The Municipal Ownership League of that city has issued a manifesto which begins with the following burning words:

"Fellow-citizens: Again the monster of special privilege raises its reptile head and arrogates to itself the right to another twenty-year franchise. This in the teeth of the decision of the people, who voted by a majority of 80,000 against any franchise to any corporation at the spring election."

There is no flaw in this statement of facts. Last spring, when the question was submitted to voters and considerably over half the electorate expressed an opinion, the majority against renewal of street-railroad franchises was some 80,000. And even now, as alleged, the franchise monster is raising his reptile head and displaying all his teeth in a comprehensive and expectant smile.

Unfortunately, voting for a municipal street-railway system does not create such a system. The matter of laying rails, building power-houses and buying cars, or of taking over the equipment of the old companies, remains just as it was. And as to these rather important details no progress whatever has been made in Chicago since election. The people discover that they cannot ride down town on a ballot, even with 80,000 majority. Hence the complacency of the monster with the reptile head.

The king commanded the waves to recede; but they didn't do it. If he really wished them to recede he should have built a breakwater.

Handling Stage Money

THE rural regions were mildly excited recently by news that an enterprising messenger-boy had walked into Wall Street's largest bank with a bogus check and walked out with $350,000 of good stocks and bonds. Out in the country, where it is still necessary, as a rule, to expend much personal energy to acquire a ten-dollar bill, $350,000 seems a great deal of money, and the idea of handing out such sums, as a regular practice, to strange messenger-boys is rather startling.

Yet, in Wall Street, millions and hundreds of millions pass from one hand to another with all the thoughtless facility that characterizes the selling of candy to school-children elsewhere.

This fact largely explains the "Street." Money is sublimated. There is so much of it that it ceases to be money and becomes mere figures on a piece of paper or in a book. The difference between a hundred thousand and a million presents itself as consisting of the additional stroke of the pen in making the other cipher—rather than as the product of much human backache and perspiration.

The shipbuilding scandal would not have happened, and there would have been a different story in life insurance, if the gentlemanly culprits had not lost the perception that a large number of men worked for long periods to produce the wealth with which their easily-jotted figures so lightly juggled. Everybody knows how careless stage people are with stage money.

Concentrate!

THERE are two points in that victory of Theodore Roosevelt's at Portsmouth of which the whole world is still talking and will continue to talk for many a month:

First: You will search history in vain for any victory of military glory so signal. It eclipsed the fame of the Japanese heroes of the war. It definitely marked the firm establishment of the era which has been certain ever since commerce and science formed their inspiring conspiracy to make war at once too expensive, too brutal and too silly for the enlightened peoples of an enlightened world.

Second: Highest among the qualities which made Roosevelt able to pluck victory from the very claws of defeat was—concentration! It is not enough to have the good will to do any given good act; it is not enough to have the courage. There must also be concentration! Many a courageous will, in many cases even Roosevelt's own, has come to naught through scattering. To make fame for one's self and progress for one's time and people, concentrate!

On what will Roosevelt concentrate next?

Your Servants' Health

IN A SERIES of rules for long life and health, a French doctor put very conspicuously these two: If you live in city or town, sleep as high up in the air as possible; see to it that your servants sleep in thoroughly sanitary quarters.

Many people who try to live healthfully fail because they neglect the two chief sources of disease—what comes in from the streets and what comes down from the servants' rooms which the mistress of the house never visits, never even thinks of. The mistress of the house says that she gives "the girl" or "the servants as good as they have been used to at home," and is content with herself. Putting wholly aside the moral question of having a slum or a near-slum under one's roof, there remains the cold fact of the dangerous unhealthfulness of it. The servants should, for prudence's sake, have not "as good as they've been used to," but as good as the laws of health dictate—and that is very good indeed.

The Coup of the "Proxy Man"

In Which an American Yankee Pits His Wits Against a Yankee of the Orient

By HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THERE is no denying the fact that to-day, because of the peculiar condition of our export trade, very few traveling salesmen are sent abroad by our merchants and manufacturers. This fact is deplored by statesmen of national prominence and by all thinking men, but apparently the domestic market is so prosperous that our manufacturing wheels are kept turning night and day to supply the home demand.

That this happy condition will not last always is admitted by such far-seeing observers as Frank A. Vanderlip and J. J. Hill. The latter said recently:

"Our foreign trade in manufactured products, instead of increasing with the increased production, is falling off. Consider the single, but important, item of steel. A few years ago we were told that our steel was commanding the world's markets. Nobody dares to tell us that now. Even natives of our own country in the Philippines have recently been sending big orders for steel to Germany. Why? Simply because they can get it cheaper there. As it is in steel, so it is in many other products. Germany is making great strides ahead of us. She is, in fact, leading the world, and promises to increase her lead. The simple truth is that we are being badly beaten in the race for the markets of the world because of our indifference and the mistaken belief that the so-called 'American Invasion' is true. We must do something to secure foreign markets if we are to prosper. Our energetic manufacturers are producing a supply greater than the domestic demand—or they will be very soon—even with the constantly growing population. We must find foreign outlets for the excess, or encounter an industrial cataclysm. The matter of looking after our foreign trade is now more important than ever before, not only because of the growing necessities of the situation in the United States, but also because of the golden opportunities that are presented to Western nations in commerce with the Orient now that the war is over."

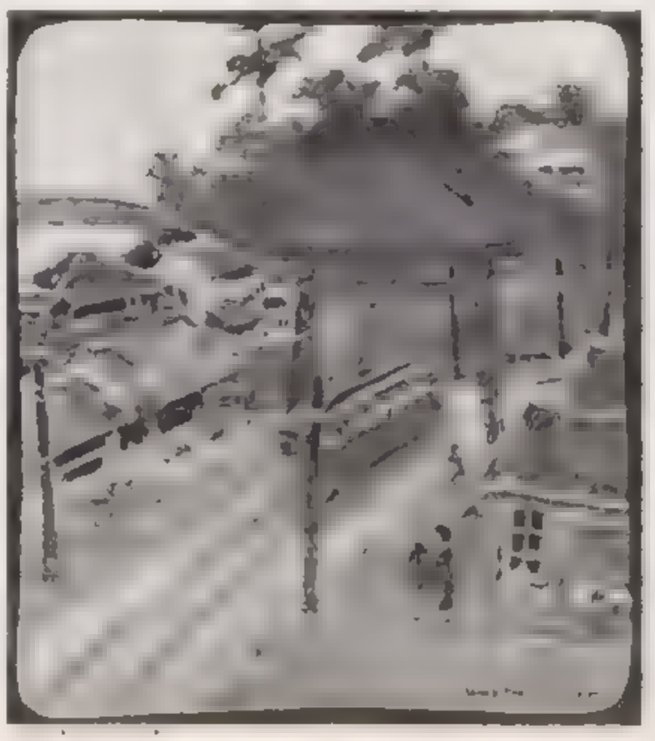
The secretary of one of the largest of the corporations manufacturing railroad appliances told me several weeks ago that he was a firm believer in the absolute necessity of preparing at once for a foreign outlet for American goods. He never loses an opportunity of impressing upon his colleagues the importance of inspecting thoroughly the foreign field before the time comes for venturing into it.

"I really think," said he, "that it is a national crime for a country like the United States to be content to see certain countries in Europe, especially Germany, absorb the trade of Central America, which practically is at our door, and South America, which lies within our focus. It is so easy to say: 'Oh, we are doing pretty well now at home,' and let it go at that. And it also is easy to say: 'When the time comes we'll rout out the other people and capture the trade by Yankee hustle.' Yankee hustle is all right, but it won't do in a year what has taken other countries fifteen or twenty years to accomplish. What we need is a better knowledge of foreign trade and how to get it. And we can't find out without trying."

This same man told me that, a few years ago, when there was an unexpected slump in the domestic consumption of certain steel products, one of the companies engaged in manufacturing that particular line became panic-stricken. Hoping for an increase in orders, they found themselves embarrassed by overproduction. There was a scramble to find an outlet and thus maintain prices, and all eyes were turned toward foreign markets. The cables were kept busy, and a staff of men was organized to leave forthwith for the four corners of the earth, to "size up the field," as one of the managing directors said. Before this hastily equipped "flying squadron" could get away, domestic orders began to come in, and the panic was over. But did the corporation profit by the experience? Not much. They haven't a traveling man in the foreign field to-day, and their practical knowledge of foreign trade can be written as nil.

No one who thoroughly understands commercial conditions can doubt that, within a very few years, the United States will have begun an earnest and practical effort to get its share of foreign trade, and no one who is cognizant of what foreign trade means can deny that it is bound to be a case of the early bird and the worm. The manufacturing corporation, or the large mercantile company, which begins at once to acquire a working knowledge of trade conditions abroad, especially in Central and South America and the Orient, will have a long start over its competitors.

This working knowledge, it must be understood, cannot be gained through correspondence, or by reading consular reports. The Germans and the English do not obtain their knowledge of foreign trade in that way. It has been said that a roving warship couldn't fire a shell at any coast port of Central or South America without hitting a German agent, and German salesmen are equally omnipresent in other climes.



I remember taking a trip across country by mule-back between Izabal and Guatemala City, the capital of Guatemala. Three days out we came to a collection of huts on the left bank of the Rio Motagua. There were hardly enough of the adobe, leaf-thatched houses to warrant the dignity of a name, but among them was an extra large hut which bore all the earmarks of a shop.

We drew rein in sheer curiosity, and on entering found a youngish man with a beard and spectacles poring over a copy of a Berlin newspaper. He was clad in the thin linen clothes and canvas rope-soled shoes of a native, but he was unmistakably German. He had kept the little shop for two years, buying and selling goods to the surrounding country, and keeping an intelligent finger on the growing commerce of that part of the republic. There was little doubt that he also represented some big German house in a quiet way. That was fifteen years ago. At that time there were not five Americans in commerce in the whole country, and there are not many more now.

Our European competitors take a very serious and practical view of foreign trade. Armed and equipped by experience and study, selling goods abroad means to them simply the extension of their frontiers. A manufacturing firm at Stettin, for instance, thinks no more of an order from Zanzibar, East Africa, than it would of one from Homburg. Credits have been established with consumers in Zanzibar, and it is merely a question of packing and billing. Now, if an American firm should receive an important order from Zanzibar, it would do one of two things: either it would fill the order through one of the foreign commission-houses—which would mean an added percentage of cost to the consumer, thereby making the American article higher-priced than a German or English article—or it would spend much time and trouble looking up credits at long distance, and probably, in the end, give up the order because the purchaser was "too far away and it was too much trouble."

American manufacturers of articles worth while exporting will neglect a very important duty to themselves if they fail to keep in touch with the trade conditions of other countries. The larger corporations should maintain as an annual item of expense the cost of sending competent and thoroughly trustworthy observers to Central and South America, the Orient, Africa, and even Europe. These observers, who should be practical salesmen, could drum up trade, and in all probability pay a part of their expenses in sales.

One of the reasons why German travelers have been so successful in extending trade to other countries is that their principals have not expected or required large or immediate returns when difficult conditions were likely to be encountered. The German wholesaler or manufacturer has often been known, for instance, to be willing to send a trusted traveler into a difficult field with the conviction formed in advance that the first trip not only would not pay expenses but would result in actual money loss. German traders have come to understand that a field for export often must be created, and cannot always be expected to lie waiting, ready prepared for the work of the commercial traveler.

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PIANOS

To send an experienced and capable man to foreign countries for the purpose of investigation or selling goods is an expensive matter, but, if his goods be worthy and if he be well posted on how and where to spend his time, the result will more than justify the cost. It is well known by those who have made even a superficial study of foreign trade that on more than one occasion German manufacturers of all classes have banded together to capture the export trade of certain foreign countries. Five years ago some twenty-odd German firms manufacturing widely different commodities pooled the results of a campaign in China. The efforts of two years resulted in a profit. Some of the firms lost money in their lines, but others made something. The proceeds were equally divided, and the campaign against the "enemy" was considered successful.

The satisfactory equipment of a traveling representative in foreign countries could be described in six items, as follows:

(1) A working knowledge of the goods he has to sell, and a working knowledge of the language of the country to which he is sent.

(2) An acquaintance with the code of ordinary manners and business etiquette of the country which he visits.

(3) A knowledge of credit customs and general business procedure.

(4) The faculty of intelligent observation which will enable the agent to study the needs and tastes of the people with whom he comes in contact, so that he may report on these at length to his home firm with a view to extending business.

(5) The ability to command the confidence of his house.

(6) The ability to meet emergencies which might injure the reputation and credit of his employers.

This last item recalls a certain adventure which occurred to a friend of mine during a visit to Japan just prior to the outbreak of the recent war:

My friend and brother craftsman, whom we will call Robertson, decided to go to Japan on a roving commission—that is, he was not to act as the representative of any one house, but to make observations and to size up the ground for a syndicate of five different firms. Each firm was to contribute its quota of his expenses, and to share alike in the value of the experience gained and in any sales Robertson might make. The story had better be given in his own words:

"I had never visited Japan, confining my traveling to South Africa and Europe," he said, "so I hailed the chance of drumming up trade in the Island Empire with a great deal of interest.

"Just before I sailed from San Francisco, a man I had met during a previous visit to the coast came to my hotel with a proposition. He was about to promote a new invention, an improved electric car with many novel devices, including convertible windows by which the car could be used in all kinds of weather. He had heard that electric trolley lines were in their infancy in Japan, and it had occurred to him that it might prove a good business proposition to be early in the field. He was equipped with a complete set of working plans and a handsome model of the car at least twenty-four inches in height. The remuneration he offered me was so seductive that I wired my syndicate and received permission to accept his offer. The working model and the plans were suitably boxed and placed on board my steamer.

"The distance from San Francisco to Yokohama is, as everybody knows, about forty-seven hundred miles, and the voyage generally takes from fourteen to sixteen days, not including the stop at Honolulu. During this long voyage, many ship-acquaintances are made, and it was my luck to fall in with a little Japanese whose keen, alert face and gold-rimmed glasses proclaimed him as one of the more intelligent members of his always intelligent race. His name was [illegible] we will call him Mr Matsui—and he appeared quite delighted to give me all the information possible concerning his wonderful country.

"In time, as we became better acquainted, I gave him some details of my connection with the syndicate and finally mentioned my friend's electric car. I remember that we were pacing the promenade deck at the time. It was shortly before tiffin, and we had an eager and hungry ear opened for the sound of the gong. When I spoke of the model down in the hold, Matsui stopped and grasped my arm.

"'You say you have a working model of the car on board?' he exclaimed in his excellent English. 'Oh, my friend, I am delighted to hear it! A working model explaining everything? And so-o big?'

"I replied in the affirmative, and added that we generally did things in good shape in little old America.

"'I tell you why I am so glad to hear it,' said the Jap. 'An acquaintance of mine is connected with one of our railways running into the interior, and I know that his road contemplates the construction of several electric lines as feeders. I have a commission from the road to inspect electric railway fittings in the United States, and that has been an important part of my work while there. Oh, my friend, I am so glad that you represent a new kind of car! If you let me see it, maybe we can do some buying from you.' As you will easily imagine, I was quite pleased, and I promised to show the car and the plans to Matsui at the first opportunity.

"During the balance of the voyage I spent considerable time in the Jap's company and learned a great deal about his country. When we reached Yokohama he helped me get my things through the custom house. People visiting the island with the idea of carrying the American flag up in the air soon realize their mistake. And the self-sufficient Yankee, or any other kind of a globe-trotter who thinks the Japanese a half-baked nation of heathens, will be shown his error in short order. I was not three hours in Yokohama before I felt convinced that the little men knew their business. Their custom-house force, for instance, can give us cards and spades. There is none of the discourtesy nor of the rough-and-tumble sort of examinations so dear to the hearts of our own customs inspectors. But with all their politeness they did not hesitate to enforce their laws with strict regularity. All articles except personal effects are subject to duty, and passengers who attempt to import such prohibited articles as opium outfits, counterfeit coins of any kind, or articles considered to be dangerous to the public health, are fined a sum corresponding to the value of the articles, which also are forfeited.

"Matsui, as I have said, saw me through the custom house and then escorted me to the Grand Hotel, a very satisfactory hostelry located on the Bund, as the wide street facing the sea is called. Any guide-book will tell you that Yokohama is the largest commercial port of Japan, that it is located eighteen miles from Tokyo, the capital, and that it has a large foreign population; but guide-books won't tell just how many surprises await the traveling salesman who thinks that all he has to do is to exchange his glass beads and Barlow knives for ivory. My first week in Japan killed several little beliefs I had when I landed, and I want to say right here that the general impression of the Japanese existing in the United States is dead wrong.

"In the first place, they are shrewd, clever buyers, and I do not believe they have their superiors in commercial acumen on earth. They are great believers in themselves, and if I could find one criticism of their attitude in business transactions it might be that their code of trade morals is not always the highest. You will know before I finish my story just why I say that.

"Like all new nations—for Japanese civilization is very new from our point of view—the Japs are like so many students just out of college, first rate in theory, but short weight in practice. This shortcoming is not going to last, however, and the way in which they are reaching out for the Asiatic markets for their manufactured stuff, and imitating all that is worth while in the United States and in Europe, shows that it will not be long before they will be giving all of us a run for our money. Japan to-day is worth the study of every man, and the traveling salesman who visits its shores will find it profitable to ascertain not only trade conditions and the possibility of selling his line of goods, but also just why such conditions exist. And I want to add right here that the traveling man who looks a little deeper into the character and make-up of his customer than is expressed by the goods on his counter and his credit at the bank is worth more to his house and his country than the man who doesn't scratch below the surface.

"I discovered that the Japanese like us as a nation, but they show the feeling in a patronizing sort of way that makes the visiting American thoughtful. They undoubtedly think we are slow in looking for foreign trade, and more than one merchant in Yokohama and Tokyo told me that we

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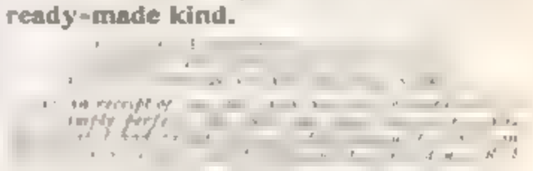

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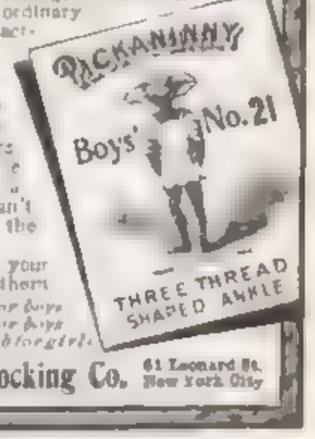

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could have the cream of their trade if we only would try to get it. A dealer in mining machinery in Tokyo, a man who seemed to have a philosophical cast of mind, was rather pessimistic about the class of Americans who had honored his country by visiting it. 'The most of them gallop through the island much as one would look through a zoo while waiting for a train,' he said. 'And some come here to convert us, you know. One man—I think he was a missionary—spent twelve years in Japan trying to get us "off the floor," as he called it. He thought that our souls were lost because we prefer to sit on a bit of matting instead of on a chair.' That same Jap told me that his sales of American machinery had fallen sixty per cent. in the past two years, and that the English and German goods had sold that much more.

"Well, Matsui, my Jap friend, and I spent three days looking about Yokohama; then we took the train for Tokyo, eighteen miles distant. Before we left the coast we patched up a sort of bargain that pleased me very much. One of the first things I learned is that salesmen, as a rule, do not travel alone in Japan. The difficulty of getting about, the language, and one's general ignorance of trade customs, make it advisable to engage the services of some intelligent native. When Matsui told me this, he also suggested that he should be my 'proxy man' if I had no objection. A fair compensation was arranged, and we started to travel in harness on reaching Tokyo.

"On taking up quarters at the Imperial Hotel I unpacked the model of the electric car and explained its workings to Matsui. The Jap seemed deeply interested and carefully inspected every part of the model. The following day he brought in two other Japs—well-dressed fellows with a professional bearing—and introduced them to me, one as the *genki cho*, or chief engineer, of a certain railroad, and the other as the *kobai kakari cho*, or chief purchasing agent, of the same road. They spent fully three hours examining the model and the plans, and their interest was so great that I felt quite encouraged.

"That night Matsui reported favorable progress, but said that it would be necessary to take the model for final inspection to a certain capitalist and promoter named Nagatane Itabashi, who was lying ill at Takasaki, a town seventy-five miles inland.

"'I would advise you to do it,' he said earnestly. 'Mr. Itabashi has telegraphed my friends that he must see it. He is planning three different electric lines, and I am sure that he will like your car and give you an order.'

"The next morning we boxed up the model and went to Takasaki. As luck would have it, the Japanese capitalist had taken a turn for the worse, and Matsui, who went to his house while I waited at the station, found him entirely too ill to talk business or even see me.

"'The doctor says it may be ten days or two weeks before he can be disturbed,' said my 'proxy man.' 'You don't want to waste your time waiting here, I suppose. Why couldn't we take a trip over to Mito, then down the coast back to Tokyo and on to Kobé and Osaka? We may even have time to visit Nagasaki. Such an arrangement would enable you to see much of interest. We can leave the model car here at Mr. Itabashi's house, and if he recovers before we return he can have ample time to examine it. What do you say?'

"What could I say? It was all done so nicely and with such apparent desire to help me that I agreed at once.

"We made the trip in a trifle more than two weeks, and a most enjoyable and instructive trip it was. Matsui did everything in his power to assist me in gaining a working knowledge of trade conditions, and I secured some valuable material for my report. I also made a few sales, especially in the line of agricultural implements. We stopped over at Tokyo on our return trip, and to my great surprise and Matsui's apparent dismay found a telegram from Mr. Itabashi at the Imperial Hotel. It was dated the previous day, and read as follows:

> "Decided not to accept the Manning car. Exceedingly regret trouble and delay. Model sent to Imperial Hotel yesterday.

"While Matsui and I stood looking blankly at each other, a porter announced the arrival of the box. I told him to have it brought to the room and unpacked, which he did. As I looked it over, Matsui announced that he would see his railway friends and find out just what had occurred. He had not been gone ten minutes before I had reached a decision. I would see this man, Nagatane Itabashi, myself, and at once. You might think it rather a foolish move, but I have found more than once during my business career that a straight drive at the head-centre generally produces satisfactory results. There was a train within the hour, and before very long I again found myself on the station platform at Takasaki.

"The majority of station-agents in Japan speak English, and I was on the point of inquiring the capitalist's address when I saw a jinrikisha pass the station and disappear down one of the side streets. The occupant of the vehicle was Matsui's friend, the chief engineer. I followed him at once, realizing that he could enlighten me as to Itabashi's address as well as the station-master. Just as I gained the corner I saw the jinrikisha stop in front of a house a few doors away, and the engineer vanish inside.

"The building was a typical Japanese structure with thin, sliding screens for walls. One of these screens was slipped back a trifle, and I saw something within that caused me to gasp and rub my eyes. Two men were crouching upon the matted floor talking earnestly and eying an object in the middle of the room.

"*The object was an exact duplication, except paint and ornamentation, of my model of the electric car!*

"I cannot remember exactly how I did it. I know that a great rage consumed me, and that I felt I had but one task to accomplish. I recall breaking through that flimsy screen like a mad bull. Then I must have fallen upon the duplicate model with some heavy object. While the two Japs stood back against the wall in stupefaction, I scattered the floor with the splinters of the car, and without a word I left the place and returned to the station.

'You may ask why I didn't take satisfaction out of the two Japanese, or at least demand an explanation. Strange to say, it did not occur to me. For the time being I was a man with one idea. That idea was to make that duplicate model look like a chicken-house in a Kansas cyclone. And I did it. The conspirators in Takasaki must have wired Matsui, their fellow-conspirator in Tokyo, for the fellow did not return to the hotel, and I never saw him again.

"During the remainder of my stay in Japan I mentioned the affair to only one person, the American Minister. He seemed greatly surprised, and said that it was the first case of its kind during his experience in the country.

"'Some time ago,' he said, 'an American electric company received a complaint from Japan to the effect that one of their machines was doing very poor work. Now, it happened that this particular company had never sold a machine in Japan either direct or through a local agent. They started an investigation and found that a duplication of one of their best machines, even including their name-plate, had been made in Japan from drawings, and had been sold by an unscrupulous importer. That was some time ago. There may have been other cases. Who can say? It doesn't mean that the whole Japanese nation is corrupt. Some of our own people are not above sharp business practices, you know.'

"I spent three months in Japan, and when I sailed from Yokohama I had a pretty fair working knowledge of trade conditions there, and also a firm conviction that the market should be ours, and would be if the American manufacturer and export merchant would only reach out for it.

"Two days out from Yokohama, one bright, sunny morning when I returned to my stateroom after breakfast, I found a note lying upon my bed. The envelope was addressed to me, and looked rather soiled, as if some saloon-boy had handled it. It ran:

"*My dear Mr. Robertson:*

"I regret exceedingly to intrude upon your pleasant return voyage, but there is something I know you will be delighted to learn. The next time you visit our country you will have the great pleasure of riding in some well-made cars such as that built by your firm. That model you smashed at Takasaki, you know, was not an irreparable loss. Fortunately, we had made two duplicates. Kindly accept best wishes for a good voyage from your former 'proxy man.'

"MATSUI."

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TEETH FOR THE TOOTHLESS—AMERICA PUTS A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD INTO ITS MOUTHS EVERY YEAR.

HIPPOPOTAMUS ivory, though still in demand, is by no means so valuable as it was a century ago, when it was used largely by dentists as a material for false teeth. Being harder and more dense than elephant ivory, it was particularly well adapted for the purpose, and fine tusks brought as much as seven dollars and fifty cents a pound.

Experiments have been made recently in the manufacture of artificial teeth from paper pulp, pressed to the hardness of stone. This, indeed, is just about the latest use for paper, which may some day take the place of porcelain for the purpose. As yet, however, no substance has proved so satisfactory as porcelain, the chief ingredient employed being kaolin.

False teeth are much more ancient than most people suppose. A gold plate with several such grinders attached was found not long ago in an Etruscan tomb, and the fact that the early Egyptians replaced lost teeth with artificial ones has been proved by the discovery of several in the jaws of mummies. The Egyptian teeth could hardly have been very efficient, inasmuch as they were of wood, tied with gold wire to the natural teeth between which they were inserted.

Twenty million false teeth are made and sold annually in the United States, a single manufacturer producing nearly one-half of the entire number. After being formed in moulds from the clay-stuff composition they are baked in ovens. For the hard enamel the requisite tints are supplied by an admixture of metallic oxides. Of course, perfectly white teeth would not look natural.

When a false tooth is inserted in anybody's mouth it must match the natural teeth not only in size but also in color, and accordingly more than fifty different shades or tints are produced. When full sets are furnished by the dentist, care is taken nowadays not to make the teeth too perfect and regular, lest they look unnatural, and occasionally spots of gold are actually burnished upon one or two teeth, to resemble fillings.

Fifty thousand ounces of platinum are used annually by manufacturers of porcelain teeth in this country. For filling real teeth 40,000 ounces of gold are employed in a twelvemonth. Thus, at a moderate calculation, it may be said that $1,000,000 worth of precious metals go each year into the mouths of the people of the United States.

TICK-TACKS ON THE WATER—MILLIONAIRES' YACHTS USE WIRELESS SYSTEMS TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH THE SHOP.

IT IS a safe prediction that before very long many of the yachts of New York millionaires will be equipped with wireless telegraphic apparatus for business purposes. Dozens of these boats are employed not so much in the way of pleasure craft as for carrying their owners up and down Long Island Sound, or the Hudson, to Manhattan and back, making the trip every weekday. They are, to all intents and purposes, private ferry boats, and a special water inclosure, or dock, provided for their accommodation at the foot of Bowling Green, is known as the Millionaires' Basin.

Most of our very rich men work hard, and their time is exceedingly valuable. Often they are extensively interested in stocks and in speculative ventures, and they can scarcely afford to be out of touch with the business world even for an hour, day or night. On land they can always be reached by the telegraph, on the water they are, for the time being, lost to civilization. Mr. Dives cannot enjoy himself satisfactorily if he feels that his amusement may be costing him a thousand dollars a minute for lack of an accessible wire.

By wireless telegraphy, however, he can, while voyaging on his yacht, keep in constant communication with his office, or with his brokers in New York. He can sell stocks or transact other business; but, most important of all, he can enjoy peace of mind and freedom from anxiety lest anything is going wrong by reason of his absence. The expense, too—though that is a matter of small consequence, relatively—is trifling, the instruments required being extremely simple. One of them would be installed in the cabin of the yacht, and the other in the office in town or at the Dives' residence. In place of a tall pole an apparatus somewhat resembling a tennis racquet, and not greatly larger, with wires strung across it, is now employed for such private purposes.

It is the extreme compactness of the apparatus that has made practicable the recent installation of a wireless plant on the motor-car of a well-known New York millionaire. He uses it while touring up and down the Jersey coast for keeping in communication with a convenient railroad station, through which he can send messages or receive ordinary telegrams in regard to stocks; but, if he chose, he might easily send his orders direct to New York, or obtain news by wireless therefrom. As for the yachts, their owners could employ the wireless for hundreds of miles, if so disposed, never, even on long cruises, getting out of touch with the "shop."

THE MOST ANCIENT EGGS—THE PURE FOOD PEOPLE OVERLOOKED THEM, BUT THEY ARE 3,000,000 YEARS OLD.

THE oldest eggs in the world are owned by the Museum of Natural History in New York. They were laid by large turtles four or five millions of years ago, and their appearance indicates that they would not be good to eat. In fact, they are fossils, the largest of them being about an inch and a half in diameter.

These eggs were dug out of the so-called Bridger beds, in the southwest corner of Wyoming—a formation which has been found to contain a greater number of species of ancient turtles than are discovered anywhere else in the world. In the same beds, by the way, something like two hundred species of mammals have been found fossil, including some of the earliest horses with three or more toes.

In the rocks of Wyoming, Colorado, South Dakota and New Mexico are discovered the fossil remains of the ancestors of many species of modern American turtles. They were among the oldest reptiles on this continent, and were contemporary with the crocodiles which are known to have been so numerous in the epoch called by geologists the Middle Trias. In those happy days there were multitudes of crocodiles in Pennsylvania and in the Connecticut Valley.

Turtles closely resembling the modern giant land tortoises of the Galapagos Islands were plentiful in those times in this part of the world. In truth, reptiles of this order seem to have changed less with the progress of the ages than any other animals, and to-day they are pretty much what they were five millions of years ago. The ancient tortoises of South America seem mostly to have been unable to draw their heads back into their shells—a noteworthy peculiarity of modern turtles below the Tropic of Cancer.

WHY CUT-GLASS COSTS SO MUCH—IT MEANS A LONG AND DELICATE JOB, BUT THERE'S A PROFIT JUST THE SAME.

THE cutting of glass is accomplished with such rapidity by skilled workmen, quite a large and elaborate bowl or other article being executed and finished in a day, that the prices charged for products of this exquisite art seem excessive. Undoubtedly the profit is considerable, but allowance must be made for the high cost of the labor, for the expensiveness of the raw material, and for breakage. Often it happens that a piece of cut-glass is utterly spoiled by a slight fracture just as it is on the point of completion.

Occasionally the fault is in the tempering of the glass, a crack suddenly appearing without apparent rhyme or reason to destroy the result of much painstaking labor. Or now and then, the edge of the cutting wheel is permitted to bite a fraction of an inch too deep, and an almost imperceptible slit renders the article worthless. In no case, however, is the accident charged up against the workman, a certain percentage of loss by such causes being regarded as unavoidable; but if too many mischances occur under his hands, his employers will feel obliged, as a matter of economy, to dispense with his services.

The finest stuff for cut-glass is quarried out of the quartz cliffs of the Berkshire Hills, in Massachusetts. Broken to fragments by blasting, the rock is crushed and finally ground to a powder that looks like finest table-salt. This is converted into articles of plain glass, of very ordinary and unornamental appearance, but for which the cut-glass manufacturers pay from twenty-five to thirty cents a pound. It is their task to convert these rude-looking bowls, jugs, tumblers and what-not into the beautiful objects whose employment, by reason of their cost, is restricted to the tables of the rich.

Each article is first marked with a small brush and red paint in a geometrical pattern, to indicate the design, which the workman follows with his cutting wheel. All of the rough work is done with a steel wheel; the smoothing is accomplished with a stone wheel resembling a thin grindstone, and the polish is put on with a wooden wheel, supplemented for the finishing touch, by a wheel of tampico fibre operating after the manner of a rapidly revolving brush. Quartz powder—the same stuff from which the glass is made—is used, mixed with water, to give the wheels their "bite."

Charming effects are produced by the use of the sand blast, which is employed to make parts of the surface of the bowl or other object slightly rough, rendering the glass opaque. This is done before the cutting is begun. What is called "engraving" is a fine superficial tracery executed with utmost delicacy by means of a small copper wheel charged with emery.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD—FOR, IF YOU DON'T LISTEN NOW, YOU MAY NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE.

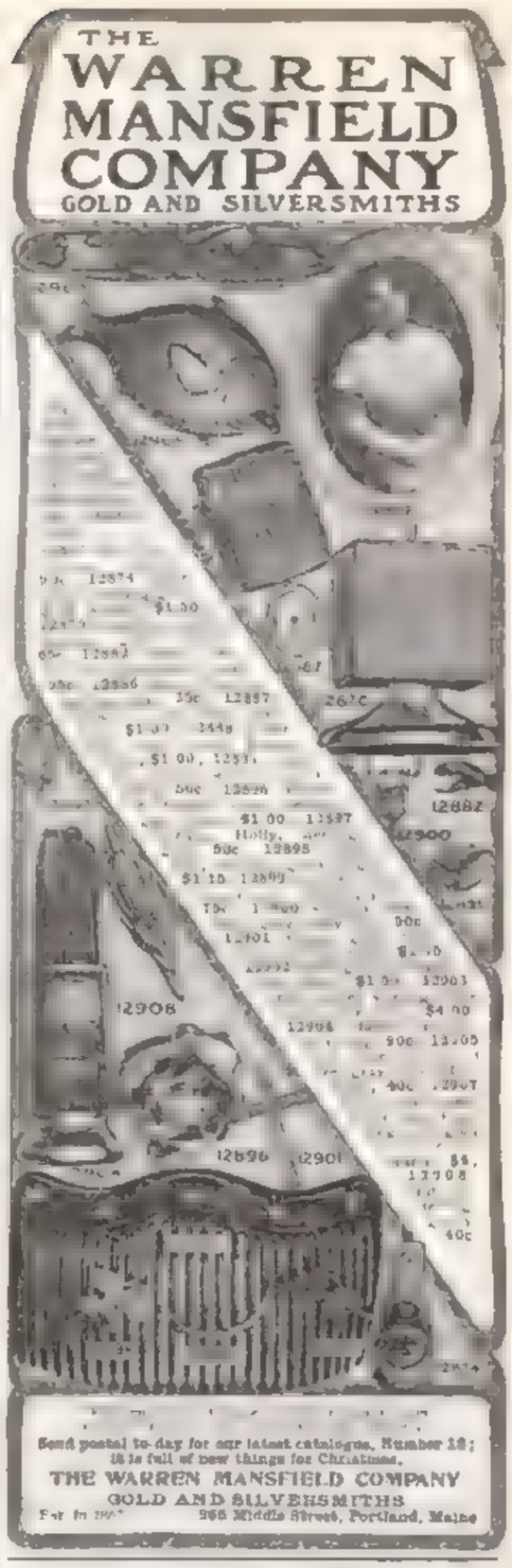
THE Audubon Societies are trying, with some degree of success, to prevent the wholesale capture and exportation of mocking-birds, which for many years past have been trapped and otherwise caught in the Southern States, especially Texas, for shipment to the Northern markets.

Frequently the birds are taken from the nests, but more often they are trapped by means of decoys, the method adopted being rather peculiar. A cage is constructed with a trap compartment, which, of course, is so arranged that it can be entered from outside. Inside the cage is placed a captive mocker. After a while along comes a wild mocking-bird, which, seeing the one in the cage, recognizes it as an intruder and wishes to fight with it. In trying to get at the prisoner, the victim goes into the trap and is caught.

Each mocking-bird in a wild state has a certain extent of territory—perhaps it may be fifty yards square—which it holds for its own, bravely assailing any other mocker that enters this area, the bounds of which seem to be determined as definitely as if marked by fences. All of the berries and other fruits growing within these limits are solely for the use of the feathered proprietor, who, at the termination of the breeding season, will actually drive away his own mate rather than go shares.

Immense areas in Southwestern Texas are divided up into such farms by the mocking-birds, each of which holds his own territory by right of might. When not engaged in feeding, the feathered proprietor usually stands on the very tip-top of a tree, keeping watch for "tramps." The tramp mocker is a bird without a ranch of its own, but looking for a location. No sooner does such a one appear, flying over, than an alarm is raised, and each settler makes ready to protect its own territorial interests.

All points considered, the mocker is probably the most remarkable of all singing-birds, being not only a vocalist of high order, but possessing so remarkable a faculty for imitation. Its extermination would be a great misfortune.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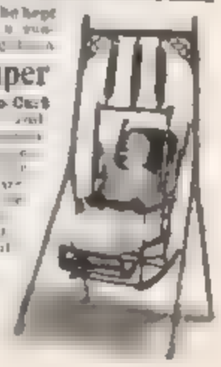

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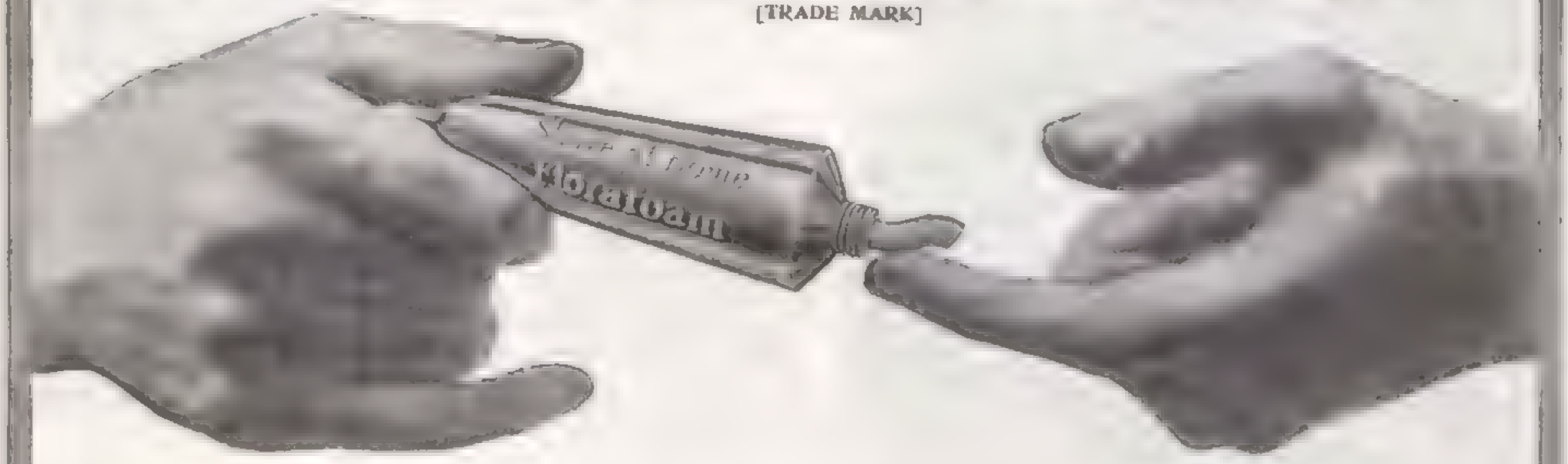

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LITERARY FOLK

THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

F Hopkinson Smith and His Son. A Snapshot Which Mrs. F. Berkeley Smith Made This Summer at the Old Norman Inn of William the Conqueror

Osbourne's New Baby

NO READER of Baby Bullet will be precisely shocked to learn that Lloyd Osbourne is an automobile enthusiast, and therefore the following story will not excite any unusual surprise:

The other day Osbourne met an acquaintance at The Players' in New York.

"Come along with me," he said; "I want to show you my new baby."

"New baby?" repeated the amazed acquaintance. "Why, I didn't know——"

"Yes, I've got a new baby. Come here." And the novelist led the way to the door, where, pointing proudly to a bulky object by the curb, he exclaimed: "There you are! What do you think of it?"

"It" was a new automobile, carefully deposited, according to orders, in the street. And there Mr. Osbourne proceeded to work over it with loving hands and tender care—after which he ordered up the gasoline and proceeded to climb trees all the way to Washington Square.

Where Does Ade Get the Money?

THAT George Ade's Indiana neighbors all like him goes without saying, but, according to a story told recently in the Chicago Press Club, of which Ade is a member, there are some of them who know very little about his literary and dramatic achievements. Somebody happened, it seems, to be in Ade's part of Indiana lately, and there fell into conversation with an old farmer.

"You know Mr. Ade?" asked the visitor.

"Know who?"

"Mr. George Ade."

"Oh, George Ade? Yas, I know George Ade—knowed him as a little feller with bare feet and tousled hair. Reckon I *do* know 'im! An' he's struck it rich som'eres, has Ade. Why, he's come back here and bought over th' old farm and fitted it up I tell *you!* Say, there's two hosses whicht he drives one in front t'other, an' hardwood floors all over the house, slick as ice on Rixley's pond, an', wust of all, gol-darn ef he ain't got a cement floor in the hen-house! Now, I like George—he ain't a bit proud—an' I don't want to say nothin' ag'inst him—but I *would* like to know whereabout he gits the money!"

As to Who was O. Henry

LITERARY impostors, from the days of Ireland and poor Chatterton to the present, are no rare birds, but they generally seek to deceive by pretending that their work is another's and not that another's is theirs. The latter course, however, was adopted some years ago by a certain young New Englander, and, as it has just now "come out," it explains at last the curious diversity of opinion as to the identity of O. Henry which, at that time, made considerable talk in the literary world.

It seems that the New Englander, whom we will call Buggins, was sent to Harvard by an uncle, a Vermont farmer, who, a year later, regretted his decision and, coming to Boston, informed the lad that he had better return to the farm. Buggins protested, his whole heart was set on a college course, and he had literary visions for the future. But Uncle Josh insisted that the lad was not turning his studies to any practical account, whereat the lad, in desperation, said he was writing for the magazines, as, indeed, he was writing for them—though his manuscripts came back to him with annoying regularity.

"Show me suthin' ye've done fer 'em," said Uncle Josh.

Without further thought, young Buggins picked up the magazine which was nearest at hand and turned to the story signed by the most unfamiliar name, which happened to be that of O. Henry, then just come, like young Lochinvar, out of the West.

Uncle Josh, shrewdly knowing his own ignorance of such matters, showed the story to a Harvard instructor and got a laudatory opinion. In fact, the instructor was so much impressed that he went far and wide praising his Sophomore as a "coming man" and telling a Boston newspaper that Buggins was the only true and original O. Henry. The newspaper printed a paragraph to that effect, suppressing only the real name of the false Mr. Henry. This statement was denied by a New York literary magazine—and thus the merry war began.

It is now asserted that the actual O. Henry had, in self-defense, to make himself known to Boston before Boston would believe in him. But it is pleasant to be able to add that Buggins repented of his folly, worked his way through college without Uncle Josh's assistance, and has now developed into a young writer of genuine promise.

Something Just as Good

THE public library of Washington, D. C., once rejoiced in the possession of a sable attendant whose chief object in life was to assist and please the reading public. A frequenter of the library had asked a number of times for By Bread Alone, only to be met with the statement that it was out. After waiting some days longer, another call was made for the elusive book.

"It is still out," replied the dusky assistant, with an expression that was positively mournful. Then, with a perceptible lightening of the gloom he inquired hopefully: "Will Unleavened Bread do?"

How Rex Beach "Broke In"

MOST men who make writing their ultimate profession have been writers, so to speak, from their cradles, but occasionally a man "breaks into literature" from another business and without any previous idea that "he had it in him." Such a man is Rex E. Beach.

Beach had never written a line for publication until he became a successful merchant, but he was ever an excellent story-teller, and, as such, was always a welcome guest at the Chicago Press Club. Once, after his return from Alaska, he spent an evening in the club, entertaining a room full of listeners with his tales of the men he had met and the things he had seen in the land of the golden snow. At last the hour grew late—or early, if you prefer to look at it in that way—and the audience dwindled away. But one member stayed on, and at last, when the room was cleared, this night-owl said:

"Mr. Beach, you tell a good story: did you ever try to write one?"

"Why, no," Beach blushingly confessed. "Do you think those things I've been telling would have any value in print?"

"If you can write them the way you tell them, sir, I'll be glad to buy all you can turn out."

The night-owl was a New York publisher, and thus Rex Beach's first book had its beginning.

Wake Up!

THE immortal author, of course, never dies—which is no doubt pleasant for the author, but is often a little hard on persons bearing the same surname. Thus a certain Mr. Bellamy, of New York, registered the other day at a Philadelphia hotel and by noon the vigilant reporter was after him.

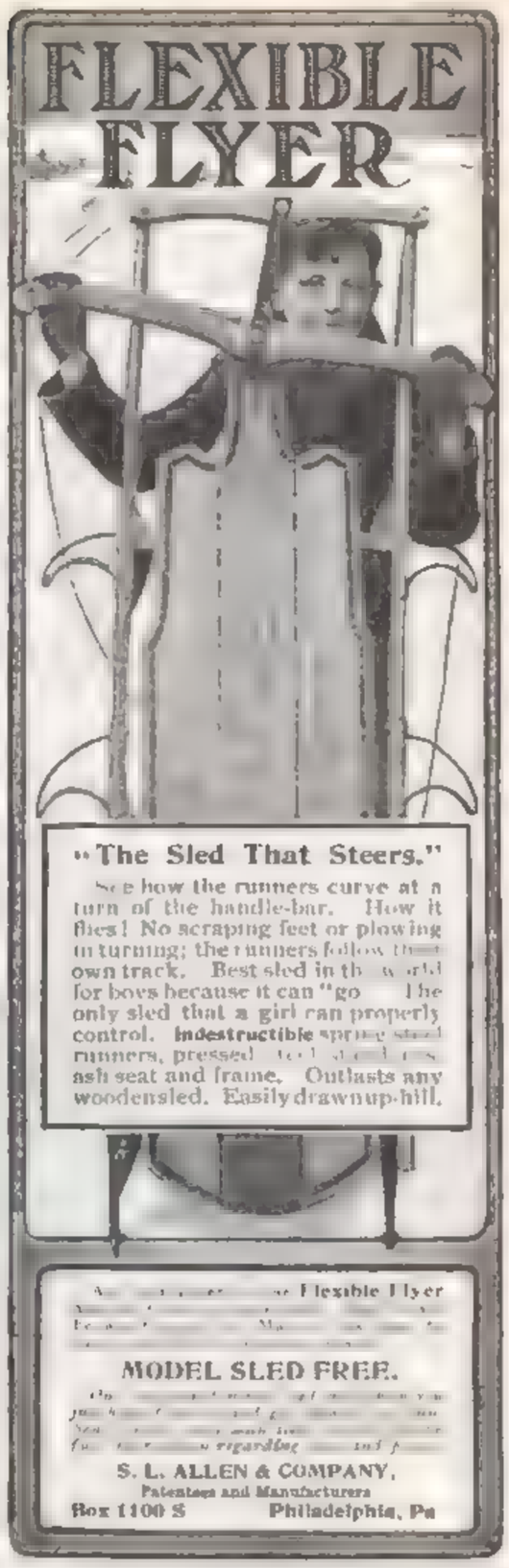
"Mr. Bellamy?" asked the reporter.

"That is my name."

"Well, Mr. Bellamy, my city editor told me to see you and ask whether you had any Philadelphia conditions in mind when you wrote Looking Backward."

And the reporter was inclined to think that he was being bluffed when the New Yorker replied:

"Young man, you'll have to do a little looking backward on your own hook: Edward Bellamy has been dead seven years."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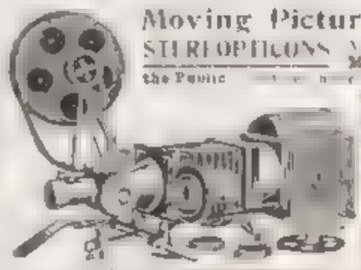

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PLAYER FOLK

Clara Bloodgood
Who Insists that Actors Contemplating Hirsute Atrocities Shall Give Warning

Breaking Up the Scene

NOTHING would cause Clara Bloodgood greater distress than to have it said that she acts for the love of her art—a sentiment which in theatrical circles is generally attributed to chorus girls; but it happens to be true, for she is of an old and prominent New York family, and in private life is the wife of a well-known Wall Street man. Another evidence of the fact is that she is scrupulously insistent on every detail of a performance in which she takes part, as many an exasperated manager will testify. She knows—what the manager and public seldom realize—that the effect of a scene is often spoiled by the most trivial accident.

The other day an old actor who shares with her her principal scene in Bernard Shaw's Man and Superman, and who had hitherto worn a picturesque head of hair, appeared on the stage with a fighting haircut. The transformation was so striking that it threw the actress quite out of the spirit of her part. It was all she could do to keep from laughing. Now she is insistent on the point that an actress who has a new hat, or an actor who has been to the barber, should rehearse his change of dress, or at least give warning of it.

The incident recalled a happening of her early and obscure days on the stage. She had a small part in Jerome K. Jerome's Miss Hobbs, in which Annie Russell was the star. In one of the scenes, Charles Richman had to take Mrs. Gilbert in his hands and lift her from her feet with a burst of boisterous happiness. One day the rest of the cast, who were waiting in the wings to come on, noticed that after the tossing Mrs. Gilbert, then eighty years old and always a most scrupulous artist, was shaking with merriment—in which Mr. Richman presently joined. The audience became sullen and then angry.

Miss Russell, who is also a scrupulous artist and stage-manager, was annoyed. But when her cue came, and she went on, those who remained behind were amazed to see her join the general hilarity. As Mrs. Bloodgood tells the story, she felt deeply distressed at all this unprofessional levity, and she was heroically resolved, as she says, to pull the scene together. But when she went on she burst out laughing before she could speak a line.

In tossing Mrs. Gilbert in the air, Mr. Richman had dislodged three puff curls from her temple. Whenever any one looked at the dear old head the effect was convulsing, and if he let his glance drop to the stage—there was the puff curl. The act curtain rang down amid a general snicker, and with the audience furious. Miss Russell was in despair. It was quite impossible to make a speech explaining how it happened that there had been wigs on the green.

Fitchian Wiles

CLYDE FITCH is one of the most persistent and patient of authors at rehearsal, and the importance he gives to the details of life and the theatre redoubles the necessary expense of energy. The managers, however, are not always ready to give him full swing in staging a play, and their reluctance may be understood in view of the expense it involves. Three thousand dollars were spent on Major André before the first night, merely in rehearsing the company and the scenery, and the play ran some ten days. But for the most part the expense is amply justified. Many an actor has to thank Mr. Fitch for a strong lift-up on the way to success.

When casting The Woman in the Case, he was in straits for some one to play the blonde villainess. Miss Dorothy Dorr had never been very successful in dramatic rôles, and, of late, had fallen into musical comedy. But he found that she was eager to come back to the more legitimate stage, and she promised to follow instructions scrupulously. When the play was produced she divided the honors with Blanche Walsh, for whom the play had been written. But those who knew Mr. Fitch's voice, and his methods in rehearsing, could recognize his touch in everything she said and did.

Sometimes he finds it necessary to build better than his actors know. On one occasion a minor actress, to whom he had given a low comedy character part, came to him for preliminary instructions.

"I don't understand this part," she said. "Shall I play it broad comedy, or shall I play it refined?"

What Mr. Fitch wanted was an air of vulgar affectation, and he had selected the actress because this was natural to her. But he could hardly tell her so. "Play it refined," he said, with one of his quick inspirations.

The actress was delighted in at last attaining high comedy, and threw her soul into the part. Her performance was convulsing beyond Mr. Fitch's hopes. She was mystified, but not disappointed, for it was obviously the success of her career.

He Didn't Look the Part

MISS ELIZABETH EMMET is another young woman of social position who has gone on the stage. While she is in New York the life pleases her well enough, but she finds the experiences of the road a little trying. Once, while playing one-night stands, she left an order, at the third-class hotel in which she was obliged to put up, that the chambermaid should call her at six so that she could catch an early train. She was awakened next morning by a rough tug at her shoulder and a husky bass voice that commanded her to "git up." Opening her eyes she saw a man with a shaggy beard bending over her.

"Who are you?" she cried in terror.

"I am the chambermaid," answered the husky bass.

And he was.

Mr. Sothern's Shrew-Taming

WHEN it was announced that Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe were to produce The Taming of the Shrew, there were those who wondered how this Petruchio would manage the scene in which he lifts Katharine to his shoulder and romps her off the stage to the priest—for Miss Marlowe is robust and able-bodied enough to give any man his hands full.

There is more than one way of taming a Kate. Petruchio made his entrance to the wedding scene on the plug which Shakespeare describes, but neglected to introduce into his *dramatis personæ*. The beast was saddled with a pillion. Grumio followed on a jackass. The pair in their fantastic costumes were for all the world like Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. As the plot thickened about the Shrew, she mounted a garden seat to escape the violence of her affianced lord. Making a sudden swoop, Petruchio caught her about the knees and with a single swing landed her, impotently scratching and screaming, in the pillion. Then he leaped up before her and galloped off to church.

Some of the critics were troubled in mind as to whether the horse was in the true Shakespearian spirit, but none of them, as it seemed, realized its reason for being. All were agreed, however, that the device was very picturesque and amusing. It is not unlikely to become a permanent part of the "business" of the play.

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The doctors used to bleed mankind
For every ill that they could find,
But now they're wiser, so 'tis said,
And "bleed" the pocketbook instead.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

Was it Watkins?

IN SPITE of the fact that the late Sir Henry Irving was best known histrionically through his depiction of tragic parts, he is said to have had a very subtle sense of humor. The following anecdote is told of him:

While he was one day sitting in his favorite corner in the Greenroom Club, a member, Watkins by name, who was considered one of the greatest bores in the club, is said to have approached him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said: "Ah, Harry, delighted to see you." Irving, who was never called Harry, and, in fact, could not tolerate the name, turned around and looked at the speaker and then resumed his reading. Not abashed in any way, the man again clapped Irving on the shoulder and continued: "Just returned from the Continent, Harry, and whom do you think I saw in Paris? None other than our dear old friend, Witherspoon. I walked up to him and said: 'How are you, Witherspoon? You don't know me, old chap, do you?' And will you believe me, Harry, he didn't know me! I said to him: 'Why, Witherspoon, can it be that you have forgotten me? It's Watkins. Don't you remember Watkins of our old Charterhouse days? Don't you remember Watkins? It's Watkins.'"

At that moment Irving, who had been a lifelong friend of Witherspoon, turning with a look of supreme horror on his face, said: "And was it?"

Some Definitions

Pessimism—Mental indigestion.
A Genius—The first child.
Fame—Post-mortem appreciation.
Marriage—The end of a love story.
The Unpardonable Sin—Being found out.
Tainted Money—A new variety of sour grapes.
Ability—The explanation of your success.
Luck—The explanation of the other fellow's.
Worry—Interest paid on trouble before it falls due.
Golf—A game that begins with a golf-ball and ends with a high-ball.
Furious—A word expressing the pleasure a girl experiences when she is kissed.
Amateur Farming—A form of extravagance practiced by men who, like Carnegie, do not wish to die rich.
A Skeptic—A man who can't believe in the miracle of Jonah and the whale and yet thinks he can beat Wall Street.
The Smart Set—A group of people who, in trying to amuse themselves, merely succeed in amusing everybody else.
—*Harry A. Thompson.*

An Insult to Paderewski

DR. WALTER DAMROSCH tells a story serving to illustrate the sensitiveness of Paderewski in matters musical.

A Chicago man, a great lover of music, who had met the Polish pianist abroad, had given a supper to Paderewski in his palatial apartments, having several congenial souls to partake of the harmonious feast.

Now, Paderewski doesn't play for everybody—at least not as a rule for those who haven't the price of admission to his concerts—but as the Chicago man was a very good friend, he graciously consented to give a few numbers as an evidence of his appreciation of that friendship. So, when the pianist began his own famous minuet, the coterie of friends sat back prepared to enjoy themselves to the utmost. One of the guests, indeed, was in such rapt attention to the master's playing that, all unconsciously, he forgot where he had put his hands, which were thrust into his trousers pockets; and very soon he fell to jingling sundry coins that reposed therein.

Quite suddenly Paderewski stopped as suddenly as though the piano had broken its string-board. The jingle of the coins had penetrated the harmony of the minuet and had upset the pianist. Paderewski wheeled about on his stool fiercely, grew red in the face and plumped his hands down hard upon his knees.

"What!" shouted he, his eyes flashing at the luckless man with the coins. "What! Do you t'ink I play *for money!*"

At this the guest who had thus unconsciously offended the Pole was so overcome with confusion that he had to be assisted to his feet in order that he might apologize. It was some time before the infuriated virtuoso could be mollified by the explanation that the jingling of coin in the pockets is only a characteristically American way of showing one's appreciation.

Overdone

I like a pun, but please take note
I think it quite too utter
To call a farmer's blooded goat
His thorough-bred and butter.
—*Nixon Waterman.*

Trying it on the Dog

DE WOLF HOPPER is famous for telling excellent jokes upon himself. Whenever he comes toward a group of friends at The Lambs' or The Players' and wears a broad smile, they understand that some new absurd thing has happened to him, and that they are to be permitted to laugh at his expense.

"Hopper," said a friend on one occasion, "you couldn't tell a good thing if you got the best of it. I don't believe you'd see a joke that wasn't played on you."

"Oh, yes I would, yes I would!" protested Mr. Hopper. "Why, I know the funniest thing right now that happened to me that gave me the laugh on everybody for miles around."

"Then let's hear it," said his friend. "All the things I ever heard about you that were jokes either happened to you or to somebody who belonged to you."

"No, no," asserted Mr. Hopper, "this didn't happen to me. It was the best joke. It was the funniest thing I've ever heard. You see, the joke was on my dog. He and I——"

Mr. Hopper got no further.

Too Long for Bryan

AT A POLITICAL convention in a Western city two of the delegates were discussing, in a desultory way, the religious affiliations of prominent statesmen, when one of the delegates, himself a Baptist, observed to the other delegate, who was a Methodist:

"I understand that William Jennings Bryan has turned Baptist."

"What!" exclaimed the Methodist. "Why, that can't be!"

"Nevertheless it is true."

"No, sir," continued the Methodist, recovering himself, "it isn't true. To become a Baptist one must be entirely immersed."

"Yes; but what has that fact to do with the matter?"

"Simply this," returned the Methodist. "Mr. Bryan would never consent to disappear from public view so long as that!"

Nature Studies

Why Wombats?

The woolly Wombats are as queer
As any beast we see,
The reason is not very clear
Why Wombats have to be.

I rather think it is because
They have such perky little claws;
And such a wise, wopsey way
Of wandering round and eating hay.

The Popular Porcupine

Pretty peculiar are the Porcupines.
Just think what Nature for this beast has done!
He is supplied with several thousand spines,
While every other creature has but one!

If I were you, a porcupine I'd get;
He's gentle, docile, tractable and mild.
He is a fascinating household pet,
A lovely playmate for a little child.
—*Carolyn Wells.*

Harnessed "Magic" Makes Knives Ever Sharp

NEIGHBORS in for dinner. Things going nicely—wife fairly beaming with pleasure and pride.

All of a sudden the carving knife slips.

Chicken off the platter and sliding across the spotless table cloth, straight for Mrs. Neighbor's lap.

"Tough Luck!"

Yes,—and a dull knife.

But the worst of it is that *you* suffer because the steel-worker who made the knife trusted too much to luck in the first place.

* * *

In olden days, when men carved each other, there was much talk of charmed cutlasses and lucky swords.

To this day we are apt to think that good knives are a matter of luck.

Know why this is so nearly true?

Well, raw steel is a mass of little grains,—like the grains in lump sugar.

And if you make raw steel thin enough to cut with—relying merely on its thinness—it isn't much good, because it breaks easily,—crumbles like a thin piece of lump sugar will. So steel must be toughened before it will take a thin, keen edge.

This toughening is sometimes called tempering, and everyone knows that steel is tempered or toughened by heat.

Heat wakes up the little sugar-like grains of steel, and they begin to stretch. That's why we say steel expands when heated.

As things get hotter and hotter for the little steel grains, they stretch and wriggle into a tangle of tiny steel wires.

And of course a network of wires is tougher than a mass of grains.

Now, it's when knife blades are being tempered that "carver's luck" is being settled. There is a *magic degree* of toughness for steel, that [illegible] carving knives. A [illegible] a knife that is always sharp,—that always slips right *through* chickens instead of rudely pushing them off platters.

A carving knife that is always sharp is one that is tough enough, but not *too* tough.

Tough enough to take a keen cutting edge and hold it well, but not too tough to be kept at its sharpest, by a few strokes, once in a while, on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel. That in-between toughness is the *magic degree*.

Just as there can be no ice until water is cooled to 32 degrees, there can be no "lucky carver" until the blade is toughened to just the magic degree.

What is the magic degree, and how can the steel [illegible] be hit?

Well, the good old time-worn way is to *guess* at it by the colors in the steel rainbow, and trust to luck to hit it right.

* * *

Ever see the steel rainbow?

Well, take an ordinary steel knitting needle. Hold it in the flame of a candle about an inch from the end.

In just a moment colors will run along the needle toward the end.

And when the end is a pale yellow, cool the needle in a glass of water.

Note how the colors run from a pale yellow at the point into brown, then purple, then blue. Well, that's the steel rainbow.

It tells as nearly as such misty colors can, how close a network the tiny wires have weaved. It helps the steel worker to *guess* at the toughness.

Now, *somewhere* in the purple glow is the magic degree of toughness for carving knives. Guess where?

Wrong guesses by so-called steel experts make wrestling matches out of what ought to be the simple art of carving chickens.

You never even get a chance to guess, because the color is only on the surface [illegible] ground away when the blade is polished and sharpened.

* * *

But you ask, is there no way of telling exactly when a carving knife has reached the magic degree of toughness?

Is there no way except by guessing at the [illegible] of one color [illegible] constantly changing, [illegible]

Yes,—there is, and that's why

Landers Knives

are always sharp,—or easily kept as clean as new by an *occasional* dozen strokes on a standard Lee Sharpening Steel.

Then there's no excuse for chickens sliding off the platter.

The Landers Process is as exact as arithmetic. Two and two make four, whether you write it in red [illegible] or black.

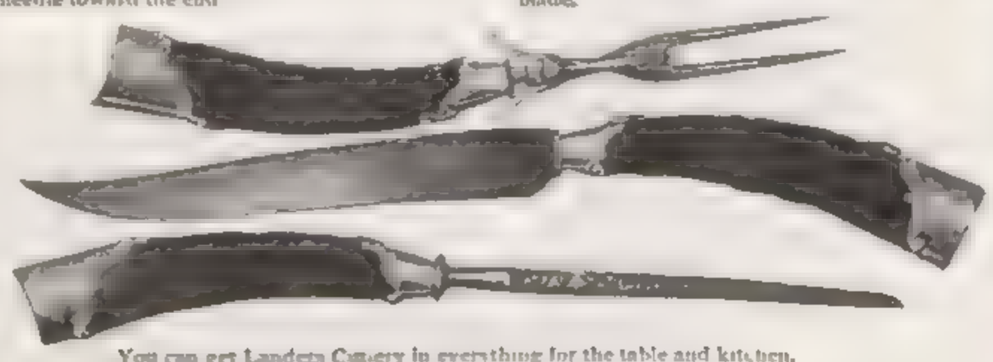
The Landers Process just as surely gives table cutlery the magic degree of toughness every time, no matter what shade of purple glows on its surface.

But don't think that the Landers Process is as easy as 2 and 2.

[illegible] Landers Process is the result of over a half a century of experience with the largest output of table cutlery in the world.

The "magic degree" was captured for Landers Cutlery [illegible] testing and proving [illegible] Landers knives by Landers Process, and without the Landers Process good knives are a matter of luck. That's why only Landers knives can be relied upon—why only Landers knives are always sharp.

Look for the mark LANDERS on every blade.



You can get Landers Cutlery in everything for the table and kitchen.

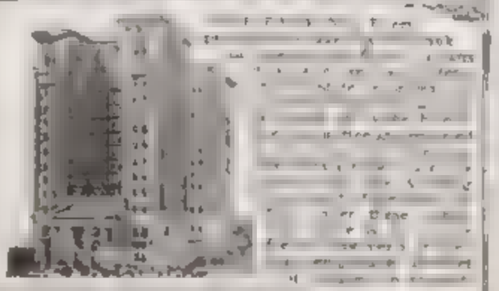
Landers Cutlery costs no more than [illegible] knives and forks.

Every cutting edge is exactly the same in Landers Cutlery—the only difference in price is for different kinds of handles and trimmings.

Just ask for Landers Cutlery. Every store that sells table cutlery keeps Landers Process Cutlery or knows how to get it for you. If you are not readily supplied, drop us a line and we will see that you get what you want.

We have printed a book which tells all about table cutlery and illustrates all kinds of knives and forks and other things for dining room and kitchen use. The edition is limited, but while it lasts it will be sent free on request.

Address Landers, Frary & Clark, 81 Commercial Street, New Britain, Conn.

4% Interest

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS AND TRUST CO. CLEVELAND, O.

ASSETS OVER FORTY MILLION DOLLARS

Cold Feet are banished. Warm feet induce sleep. The most comfortable thing you ever put foot into is

DeFreest and Stover's Slumber Slipper

[illegible] etc., tops beautifully embroidered with silk. Dainty colorings. Send size of shoe. Different style if desired. For men, women and children.

Two Pairs for 25c.—Postpaid

DeFreest and Stover, 15 Second Street, Waterford, N. Y.

THE PRISONER AT THE BAR

(Concluded from Page 10)

1. Acute gastritis.
2. Acute nephritis.
3. Cerebro-spinal meningitis.
4. Fulminating meningitis.
5. That the child had died of *apomorphine*, a totally distinct poison.
6. That it had received and taken calomel, but that, having eaten a small piece of pickle shortly before, the conjunction of the vegetable acid with the calomel formed, in the child's stomach, a precipitate of corrosive sublimate, from which it died.

These were all argued with great learning. During the trial the box containing the balance of the pills, which the defense contended were calomel, unexpectedly turned up. It has always been one of the greatest regrets of the writer's life that he did not then and there challenge the defendant *to eat one of the pills* and thus prove the good faith of his defense.

This was one of the very rare cases where a chemical analysis has ever, in this county, been conducted in open court. The chemist first tested a standard trade morphine pill with sulphuric acid, so that the jury could personally observe the various color reactions for themselves. He then took one of the contested pills and subjected it to the same test. The first pill had at once turned to a brilliant rose, but the contested pill, being antiquated, "hung fire," as it were, for some seconds. As nothing occurred dismay made itself evident on the face of the prosecutor, and for a moment he thought that all was lost. Then the five-year-old pill slowly turned to a faint brown, changed to a yellowish red, and finally broke into an ardent rose. The jury settled back into their seats with an audible "Ah!" and the defendant was convicted

Let us return, however, to that point in the proceedings where the defendant has been "held for trial" by the magistrate. The prisoner's counsel now endeavors to convince the district attorney that "there is nothing in the case," and continues unremittingly to work upon the feelings of the complainant. If he finds that his labors are likely to be fruitless in both directions, he may now seek an opportunity to secure permission for his client to appear before the grand jury and explain away the charge against him.

Let us now assume that, in spite of the assiduity of his lawyer, the prisoner has at last been indicted and is awaiting trial. What can be done about it? Of course, if the case could be indefinitely adjourned, the complainant or his chief witness might die or move away to some other jurisdiction, and if the indictment could be "pigeonholed" the case might die a natural death of itself. Indictments, however, in New York County, whatever may be the case elsewhere, are no longer "pigeonholed," and they cannot be adequately "lost," since certified copies are made of each. The next step, therefore, is to secure as long a time as possible before trial.

Usually a prisoner has nothing to lose and everything to gain by delay, and the excuses offered for adjournment are often ingenious in the extreme. I know one criminal attorney who, if driven to the wall in the matter of excuses, will always serenely announce the death of a near relative and the obligation devolving upon him to attend the funeral. Another, as a last resort, regularly is attacked in open court by severe cramps in the stomach. If the court insists on the trial proceeding, he invariably recovers. Of course, there are many legitimate reasons for adjourning cases which the prosecution is powerless to combat.

The most effective method invoked to secure delay, and one which it is practically useless for the district attorney to oppose, is an application "to take testimony" upon commission in some distant place. Here again it must be borne in mind that such applications are often legitimate and proper and should be granted in simple justice to the defendant. Although this right to take the testimony of absent witnesses is confined in New York State to the defendant and does not extend to the prosecution, and is undoubtedly often the subject of much abuse, it not infrequently is the cause of saving an innocent man.

An example of this last was the case of William H. Ellis, recently brought into the public eye through his connection with the treaty between the United States Government and King Menelik of Abyssinia. Ellis was accused in 1901 by a young woman of apparently excellent antecedents and character of a serious crime. Prior to his indictment a colored man employed in his office (the alleged scene of the crime) disappeared. When the case was moved for trial, Ellis, through his attorneys, moved for a commission to take the testimony of this absent, but clearly material, witness in one of the most remote States of Mexico—a proceeding which would require a journey of some two weeks on muleback, beyond the railway terminus. The district attorney, in view of the peculiarly opportune disappearance of this witness from the jurisdiction, strenuously opposed the application and hinted at collusion between Ellis and the witness. The application, however, was granted, and a delay of over a month ensued. During that time evidence was procured by the counsel of the prisoner showing conclusively that the complaining witness *was mentally unsound and had made similar and groundless charges against others*. The indictment was at once dismissed.

But such delays are not always so righteously employed. There is a well-known case where a notorious character was charged with the unusual crime of "mayhem"—biting off another man's finger. The defendant's counsel secured adjournment after adjournment—no one knew why. At last the case was moved for trial and the prosecution put in its evidence, clearly showing the guilt of the prisoner. At the conclusion of the People's testimony, the lawyer for the defendant arose and harshly stigmatized the story of the complainant as a "pack of lies."

"I will prove to you in a moment, gentlemen," exclaimed he to the jury, "how absurd is this charge against my innocent client. Take the stand!"

The prisoner arose and walked to the witness-chair.

"Open your mouth!" shouted the lawyer.

The defendant did so. He had not a tooth in his head.

The delay had been advantageously employed.

The importance of mere delay to a guilty defendant cannot well be overestimated. "You never can tell what may happen to knock a case on the head." For this reason a sufficiently paid and properly equipped counsel will run the whole gamut of criminal procedure, and—

1. Demur to the indictment.
2. Move for an inspection of the minutes of the proceeding before the grand jury.
3. Move to dismiss the indictment for lack of sufficient evidence before that body.
4. Move for a commission to take testimony.
5. Move for a change of venue.
6. Secure a writ of habeas corpus from some other judge on the ground that his client is confined without due process of law, and, in the event of the writ being dismissed, he will appeal from this decision through the State courts, one after another, and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States.

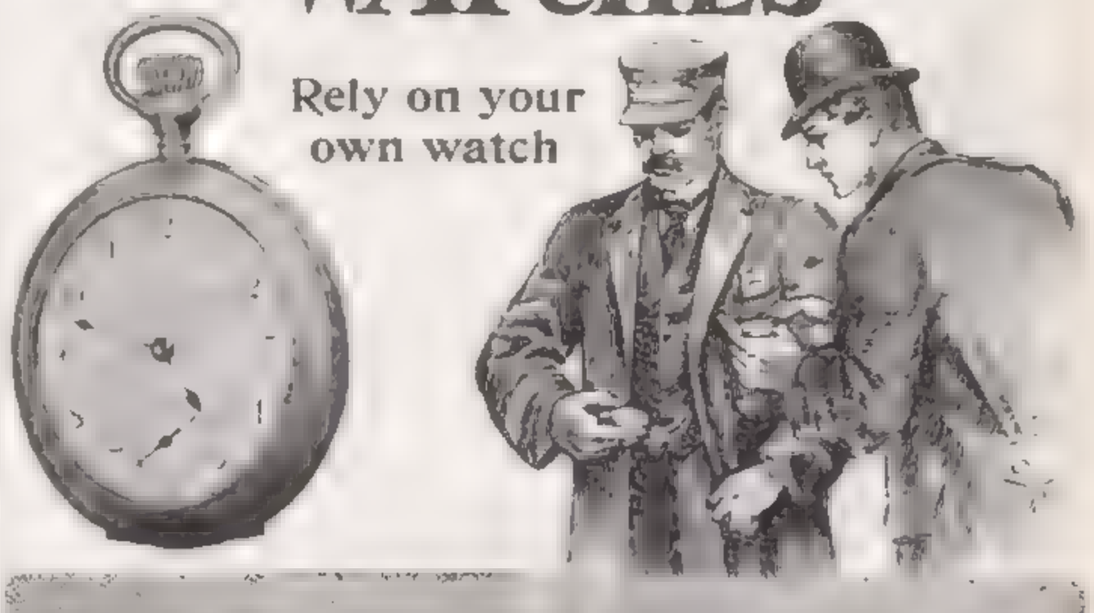
All these steps he will take *seriatim*, and some cases have been delayed for as much as two years by merely invoking "legitimate" legal processes.

A totally distinct method is for the defendant to secure bail, and, after securing as many adjournments as possible, simply flee the jurisdiction. He will then remain away until the case is hopelessly stale, or he no longer fears prosecution.

In default of all else he may go "insane" just before the case is moved for trial. This habit of the criminal rich when brought to book for their misdeeds is too well known to require comment. All that is necessary is for a sufficient number of "expert" alienists to declare it to be their opinion that the defendant is mentally incapable of understanding the proceedings against him, or of preparing his defense, and he is shifted off to a "sanitarium" until some new sensation occupies the public mind and his offenses are forgotten

In this way justice is often thwarted and the law cheated of its revenge but unless fortune favors him, sooner or later the indicted man must inevitably return for trial and submit the charge against him to a jury. But if this happens, even if he be guilty, all hope need not be lost. There are still "tricks of the trade" which may save him from the clutches of the law. These will be discussed in a later article.

New England WATCHES



DON'T be dependent upon others for the right time. With a New England Watch in your pocket, you can be certain of carrying absolutely accurate time all the time. There is a comfort in that certainty that will make it well worth your while to lay aside the old unreliable timepiece and take a look at the "New England trays." You'll find them at your jeweler's. If not write us.

Watches from $2 to $24

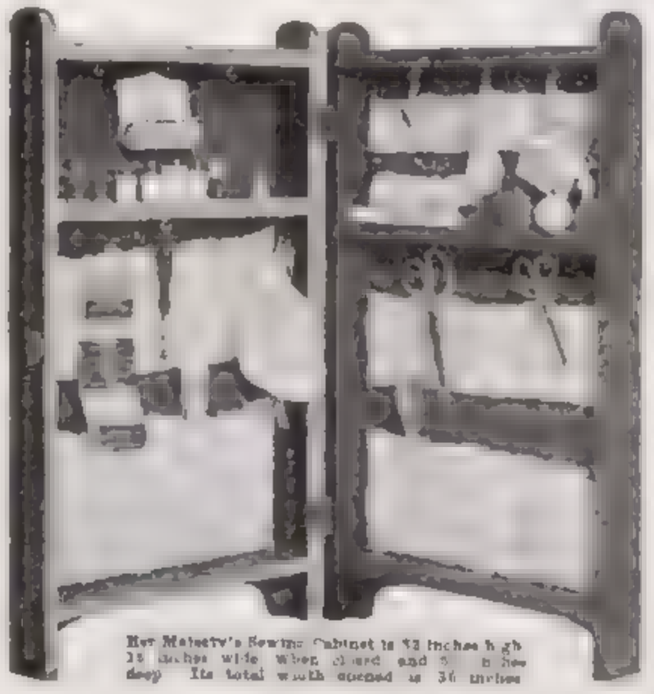
As reliable as they are beautiful

Our New England Red Book (illustrating men's watches) and our New England Blue Book of Ladies' Watches will be mailed promptly on request.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO., 34 Maiden Lane, New York City

Her Majesty's Sewing Cabinet

For Her Majesty, the American Woman



Her Majesty's Sewing Cabinet is 32 inches high 18 inches wide when closed and 9 inches deep Its total width opened is 36 inches

THERE isn't a wife or mother or sister or sweetheart in all the broad land who wouldn't be [illegible] the greatest wants, that would [illegible] her more. Every woman with a trace of domesticity in her veins has always wanted it. She hasn't said [illegible] she didn't know there [illegible] then for [illegible] all th[illegible]

[illegible]esty's Sewing Cabinet, a [illegible]ce of furniture, novel [illegible]ention and in the very [illegible]ights of fashion, standing open by her chair, will give her ever[illegible] command. No scurrying for the misplaced this or that, no delving through jumbled work baskets. In Her Majesty's Sewing Cabinet there's a place for everything and everything in its place. Roomy pockets of beautifully figured cretonne, a leather case filled with Thomas Harper gold eye needles pin hook, pin-cushion, tracing wheel, assorted binding tape, darner, measure, [illegible] needle sharpener, button hag and so on! And room for more according to Her [illegible]

Our leader **No. 1**, the cabinet shown in the accompanying photograph, is substantially built along very graceful lines, with Flemish Oak dull finish the body being of best quality green art-craft canvas. It opens on gun-metal hinges and is locked with a solid brass Corbin catch. Sold only direct from our shop, special price on No. 1 until Jan. 1, **$9.50**

Our **No. 2** cabinet, same dimensions as No. 1, is finished in pure white enamel, locked with light blue reversible cretonne, or is made entirely of highly finished white enamel wood if so ordered, and has nickeled hinges and catch [illegible] **$12.50**

Our **No. 3** cabinet has a rich, velvety mahogany finish, locked with golden brown art-craft canvas, or is made entirely of highly mahogany-finished wood if so ordered, gun-metal hinges and brass catch. Sold only direct from our shop **$12.50**

These cabinets shipped direct from our shop to any address, safely crated and express charges prepaid, on receipt of price. If not exactly as represented, return to us and your money will be cheerfully refunded. We also make to order Her Majesty's Sewing Cabinet with any desired finish or fittings, to harmonize with the decorations of the sewing room or the tastes of the recipient. Prices named on request.

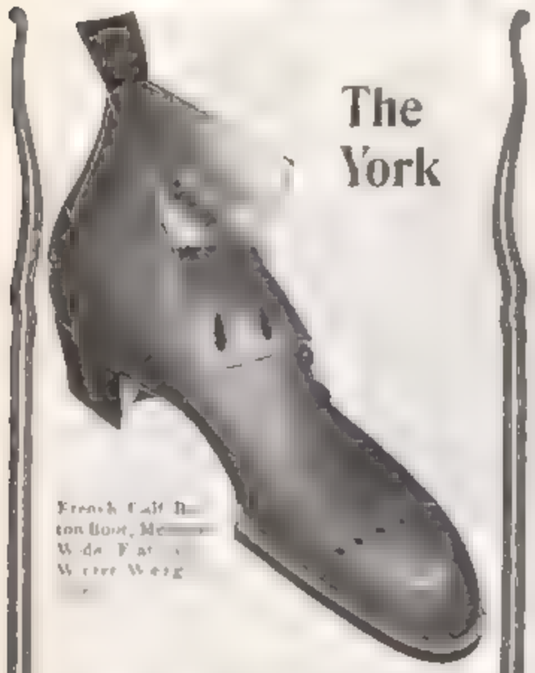
Delivery before Christmas Day will be possible on all orders received before December 18. Don't put this off. We stand behind all our assertions and descriptions and the little silver name plate bearing the title "Her Majesty's Sewing Cabinet" is a guarantee of quality.

Buy It For Her Now Send us your order at once. The Cabinet will be forwarded in strict accordance with your instructions and it will make Her glad on Christmas Day and on countless days to come. Address all orders or requests for further information.

THE ART-CRAFT WORKSHOP, 340 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP



The York

French Calf Button Boot, Medium Wide Fitting. Welt Weight

A boot for level-headed men — one that strikes the golden mean: solid, but not clumsy — stylish, but not dandified.

Built on fine lines for conservative people, with an art a custom shoemaker would envy

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Sent free. Mail orders filled at $5.00

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

WRITERS OF PLAYS

(Concluded from Page 5)

act of his play; but let him tell the story in his own words:

"In the third act of my play," said he, "if you ever read it you will find a blank space which should be filled by a gossipy tale as related in a genteel sewing-circle. Not being a married man, and not knowing therefore what particular rarebits go with thread and needle, I have thought it more expedient to omit the story, leaving it to be supplied by your better half, if you have one."

Another writer of plays gave as a reason for bringing his wares the fact that he had counted the number of words in Shakespeare's and that his play contained more than did any by the Bard of Avon

All these things are characteristic of the writer of plays; while they are incidents, still similar happenings are occurring, with variations, in almost all the cases of the unknown, ignorant, but self-confident dramatist. There are a few well-defined types, however, existing among these writers of plays which crop up almost invariably every week. One of the most common and familiar of them is the author who has a long tale of the eulogistic things which prominent managers and actors have had to say about his play. His usual harangue runs this way:

"Maude Adams wanted to buy this play, but she decided she did not want a play of the same tenor as the one she produced last year. Ethel Barrymore thought my play the best she had read in the last five years, but she—or, rather, her manager—decided the production was a little too expensive. Richard Mansfield read this play, and thought the leading part did not suit him; he asked me if I would write another play for him. I want to sell this one first, before I do a man's play, because people—impartial critics who have read the manuscript—tell me my delineation of woman characters is much better than that of Clyde Fitch."

It seems impossible that a play so commended as this one should not find a purchaser, but it is so. The reason for it is not far to seek. Managers and actors, as a rule, like to be as courteous as possible in their rejection of a play. Viola Allen, for example, will say that this is a pretty good piece of work, but not exactly suitable for her; but the author most likely twists the statement into "Viola Allen said that this play approached genius, but that the part was out of her range."

The society woman playwright is rapidly increasing in numbers—more's the pity. Her ambition is not to write plays for money and not very much for art, but simply that she may be introduced at afternoon teas as "Mrs. Blatherskite, don't you know, who wrote that pretty play, 'The Last Sigh.'" The manuscripts are usually filled with touches of what rude persons are sarcastically pleased to term "high life." There is invariably a conservatory full of "sweet-smelling flowers, palms, with an orchestra faintly heard in the distance; enter Lady Matilda, negligee, clad in luxurious gold brocade gown fringed with lace." There is always a "double-dyed villain," a lady with a past, the simple, girlish, young heroine, a designing mother, and a pair of puppy lovers. Tea is always served by the suave butler in the first act, and there is generally a dinner-party in the third act, where, as the stage directions say, "champagne flows like water." These are practically the entire ingredients of the society play; the authoress—this type is always a woman—will do a great deal to have her play produced. She will hire inefficient collaborators and she will even pay the entire cost of production to see her play on the stage. Occasionally she falls into the hands of some small pirate manager, who is not even on the outer rim of the inner circle; he produces the play, with the authoress paying the bills. She usually abandons playwriting there; even one lesson is very expensive.

These writers of plays whose idiosyncrasies have been dwelt on are, it is true, not the only ones who err in the writing of plays. We see many bad plays, but it is only fair to the managers, who suffer the slings and arrows of both the author and the public, to reflect that if we do see bad plays, how many worse ones we miss!

The Thing for a Christmas Present

Useful and Beautiful for the Home

The Combination Billiard Table, with patent concealed pockets for pool, Vermont slate bed, best of rubber cushions and French billiard cloth. Made in [illegible]

Write to-day for [illegible]

Combination Billiard Manufacturing Co.
6-16 West Street, Madison, Ind.

A BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS OFFERING $3.50

Any photo, emblem or name, under an inch square, The handles are RAZOR STEEL, gold [illegible]. The photo work is of high grade order. For handy and [illegible] selling could pay [illegible] either the knife or razor as a Xmas [illegible] Agents make big money for us. Write for terms and [illegible] for the asking. $1.00 for this Knife Prepaid. ¼ SIZE.

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EXTRA PAY [illegible] Subscription Now [illegible] Small capital required. Illustrated Catalogue free. Tells how to start

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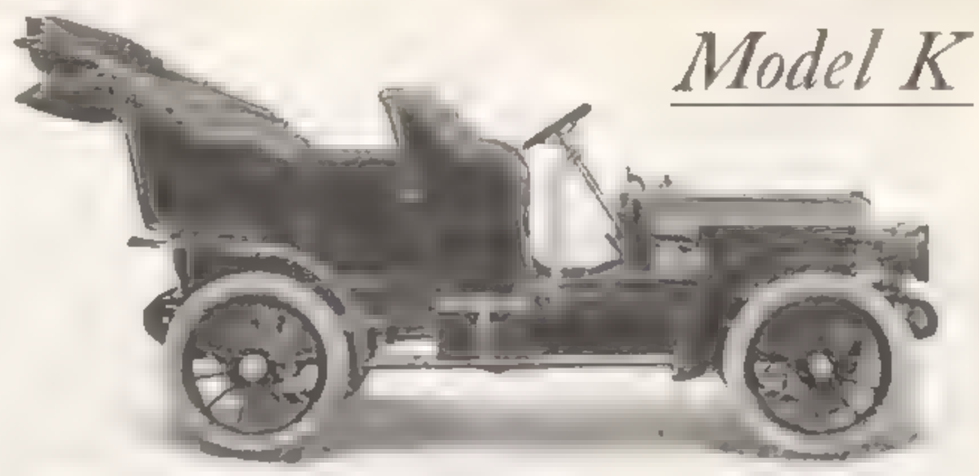

Model K

The Noiseless WINTON

THE "smoothest" thing on Wheels is that's the new Winton Motor [illegible] Action, Jar, and Sound, cut down to a minimum

That comes of certain refinements in *finish*

—Every Bearing ground perfectly "true," to [illegible]

—Every Noisy Cog-Wheel *silenced*, and *protected* from *Wear*, by a Raw-Hide gear intervening between the metal surfaces

—Every Bearing lubricated automatically by [illegible] Oiler," which infallibly feeds [illegible] of oil each surface needs, [illegible]

• • •

Then there's the Winton policy of *elasticity* in every controlling part

The Motor starts running by release of elastic Air Pressure on the Inlet Valve, and by the mere switching on of Ignition.

You start the new Model K Winton from the Seat, *without* "Cranking."—Make a note of that.

Then, the Clutch presses a conical disk on rear end of the Motor Shaft, into a concave disk, on forward end of the Driving Sha

That brings two large Contact Surfaces together tightly by slight movement of a hand [illegible]

When the lever Crowds that swift-running [illegible] disk of the motor shaft into the, as [illegible] concave disk of the driving shaft this is what happens

The Film of Oil between the contact surfaces makes the motor disk *take hold gently* against the disk of driving shaft.

Because the oil film lets one disk *slip* on the face of the other disk but grips it harder at each revolution according as the film of lubricant is squeezed out.

When all the oil has been squeezed out (in a few revolutions) the formerly motionless disk of [illegible] at the Motor-shaft [illegible] disk.

[illegible]

And now, when the film of oil has been entirely squeezed out from between the two metal Contact surfaces, the Two Disks *take hold* of each other frictionally and firmly, and run thereafter at the same speed until you separate them by means of the Lever.

The "Half-speed" and "Reverse Speed" work on this same [illegible]

• • •

Then there's the multiplied elasticity of the [illegible]

These are practically two sets of springs combined in one set

The Motor and the Car body are suspended primarily from an upper set of very sensitive springs that respond instantly to every slight roughness of the road, with light loads or heavy loads.

This upper set of sensitive springs takes fully half the work off the Pneumatic tires, and also [illegible] Motor and Mechanism of the Car [illegible] and shock

[illegible] support the upper set of sensitive springs [illegible] under heavy loads or [illegible]

[illegible] take up the work [illegible] for the light, elastic [illegible] range, that permits swift running over rough roads with safety, and with comfort even in the Tonneau

[illegible] comfort, and Noiselessness, is [illegible] adding to these three elastic [illegible]

That feature is the big [illegible] inch Pneumatic Tires, that bridge *over* ruts in the road without *dropping into* them.

These big Tires mean more power to the Driving Wheels, less vibration, and less pres- [illegible]

[illegible] ordinary springs

• • •

The Winton Model K has:

A vertical, 4-cylinder Motor,

—Thirty horse-power—or better.

So cool that it evaporates only one quart of water per week

—So accessible that every working part can be exposed to view in a minute.

—It has a new Automatic, Compensating Carburetor, that works equally well under all [illegible] of hill-climbing, descending, or on [illegible] kinds of weather

[illegible] System with [illegible] starting the Car from the Seat [illegible]

[illegible] Rear Axle and Motor [illegible] resulting from that Welding.

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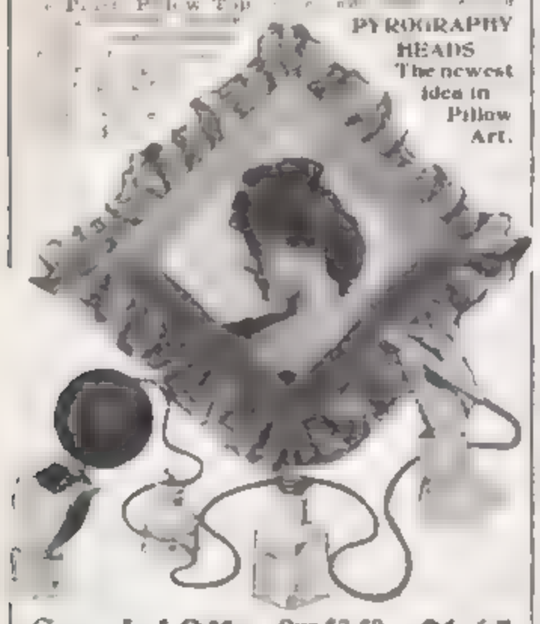

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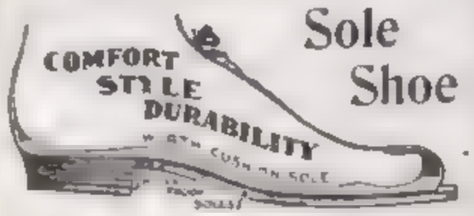

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LADY BALTIMORE

(Continued from Page 6)

"My cousin Julia So-and-so lives there," he would say, or, "My great-uncle, known as Regent Tom, owned that before the War"; and once, "The Rev. Joseph Priedieu, my great-grandfather, built that house to marry his fifth wife in, but the grave claimed him first."

So I asked him a riddle. "What is the difference between Kings Port and Newport?"

This he, of course, gave up.

"Here you are all connected by marriage, and there they are all connected by divorce."

"That's true!" he cried. "That's very true. I met the most embarassingly catercornered families."

"They are going to institute a divorce march," I continued. "Lohengrin or Midsummer-Night's Dream played backward. They have not settled which."

He was still unsuspectingly diverted; and we walked along until we turned in the direction of my boarding-house.

"Did you ever notice," I now said, "what a perpetual allegory Midsummer-Night's Dream contains?"

"I thought it was just a fairy sort of thing."

"Yes, but when a great poet sets his hand to a fairy sort of thing you get—well, you get poor Titania."

"She fell in love with a jackass," he remarked. "Puck bewitched her."

"Precisely. A lovely woman with her arms around a jackass. Does that never happen in Kings Port?"

He began smiling to himself. "I'm afraid Puck isn't all dead yet."

I was now in a position to begin dropping my bitters. "Shakespeare was probably too gallant to put it the other way, and make Oberon fall in love with a female jackass. But what an allegory!"

"Yes," he muttered. "Yes."

I followed with another drop. "Titania got out of it. It is not always solved so easily."

"No," he muttered. "No." It was quite evident that the flavor of my bitters reached him.

He was walking slowly, with his head down, and frowning hard. We had now come to the steps of my boarding-house, and I dropped my last drop. "But a disenchanted woman has the best of it—before marriage, at least."

He looked up quickly. "How?"

I evinced surprise. "Why, she can always break off honorably, and we never can, I suppose."

For the third time this day he made me an astonishing rejoinder: "Would you like to take orders from a negro?"

It reduced me to stammering. "I have never—such a juncture has never ——"

"Of course you wouldn't! Even a Northerner."

His face, as he said this, was a single glittering piece of fierceness. I was still so much taken aback that I said, rather flatly: "But who has to?"

"I have to." With this he abruptly turned on his heel and left me standing on the steps. For a moment I stared after him; and then, as I rang the bell, he was back again; and with that formality which at times overtook him he began, "I will ask you to excuse my hasty ——"

"Oh, John Mayrant! What a notion!"

But he was by no means to be put off, and he proceeded with stiffer formality: "I feel that I have not acted politely just now, and I beg to assure you that I intended no slight."

My first impulse was to lay a hand upon his shoulder and say to him, "My dear fellow, stuff and nonsense!" Thus I should have treated any Northern friend; but here was no Northerner. I am glad that I had the sense to feel that any careless, good-natured putting away of his so definitely-tendered apology would seem to him a "slight" on my part. His punctilious value for certain observances between man and man reached me suddenly and deeply, and took me far from the familiarity which breeds contempt.

"Why, John Mayrant," I said, "you could never offend me unless I thought that you wished to, and how should I possibly think that?"

"Thank you," he replied, very simply.

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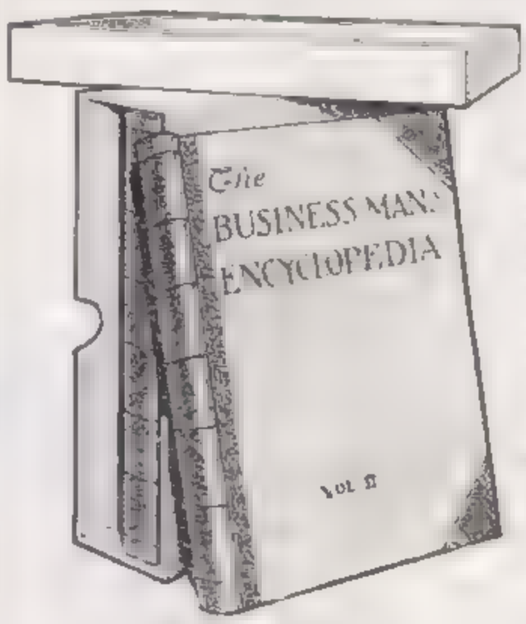

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I rang the bell a second time. "If we can get into the house," I suggested, "won't you stop and dine with me?"

He was going to accept. "I shall be ——" he had begun, in tones of gratification, when in one instant his face was stricken with complete dismay. "I had forgotten," he said; and this time he was gone indeed, and in a hurry most apparent. It resembled a flight.

What was the matter now? You will naturally think that it was an appointment with his lady-love which he had forgotten; this was certainly my supposition as I turned again to the front door. There stood one of the waitresses, glaring with her white eyes half out of her black face at the already distant back of John Mayrant.

"Oh!" I thought; but, before I could think any more, the tall, dreadful boarder —the lady whom I secretly called Juno— swept up the steps, and by me into the house, with a dignity that one might term deafening.

The waitress now muttered, or rather sang, a series of pious apostrophes. "Oh Lawd, de rampages and de ructions! Oh Lawd, sinner is in my way, Daniel!" She was strongly, but I think pleasurably, excited; and she next turned to me with a most natural grin, and saying "Chick'n's mos' gone, sah," she went back to the dining-room.

This admonition sent me upstairs to make as hasty a toilette as I could.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Facts About Furs

IT IS astonishing how keenly informed every person seems to be who touches a piece of fur from trap to counter. The Indians of Alaska know the results of the last London sales, for the first vessel up-coast takes the price-lists to them, and then the news travels in the strange way of the wilderness. When the trader, say from Chicago, makes his trip to the Kenai peninsula of Alaska, he finds that the Indians will not take goods—they will have nothing but cash, and they want plenty of it. They know the prices as well as he, and they make them stiff enough and hold out long enough. Most of the fur collecting in that country is done by the local trader, who has some sort of post or store, and who makes the customary fur-trader's profit of a hundred per cent. on his goods. The Chicago man will buy of this local trader, who makes most of his money out of his goods. If the trader does not play fair, the Indians know there is another one across the divide or down another river.

Where are the fur countries now that the American West is gone? Since we do not own Siberia, Alaska is the best fur country left us. We get fox, sable, marten, lynx and bear in quantities from Alaska. There are some Alaska islands on which private parties are running fox farms, raising blue fox fur, with varying success. Formerly traders could bring out moose heads from Alaska, and a giant moose head, with a spread of seventy inches and over, would bring three hundred dollars and upward. The Government has stopped the shipment of these moose heads from Alaska, and the fur traders grumble. It is not likely that the giant moose and bear of the Kenai peninsula will be preserved. A railroad is building through that country; and we have records of what railroads do to wild game.

Some fur now comes to America from Japan, but it is not very valuable, and has not been much imported. All the Japan furs are of bad color—a sort of "yellow peril," tabby-cat color, which is quite impossible. They do not take the dye evenly, so do not reach top prices. You may have bought a bargain in brown sable, which was Japan marten dyed. Of course you know that "Alaska sable" is plain skunk, and that "Japanese bear" is Chinese dog or Japanese goat. The humor of the retail fur trade is Homeric, recognizing the fact that geography is not an exact science, and that relatively few people know much about existing fauna.

If you want to get rich quick, find yourself some place where you can get sea-otter skins. The London market used to show sales of 4500 of these skins annually. Last year there were only thirty or forty sea-otters returned from all the Alaskan coast. A good skin, once worth about three hundred dollars, is now worth about twelve hundred dollars. Sometimes a whole tribe of otter-hunting Indians will take only one or two skins during the year.

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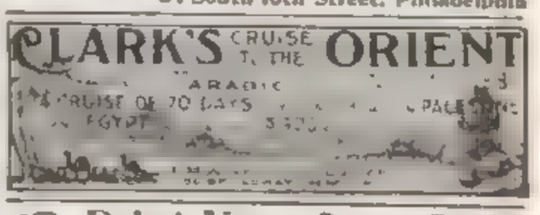

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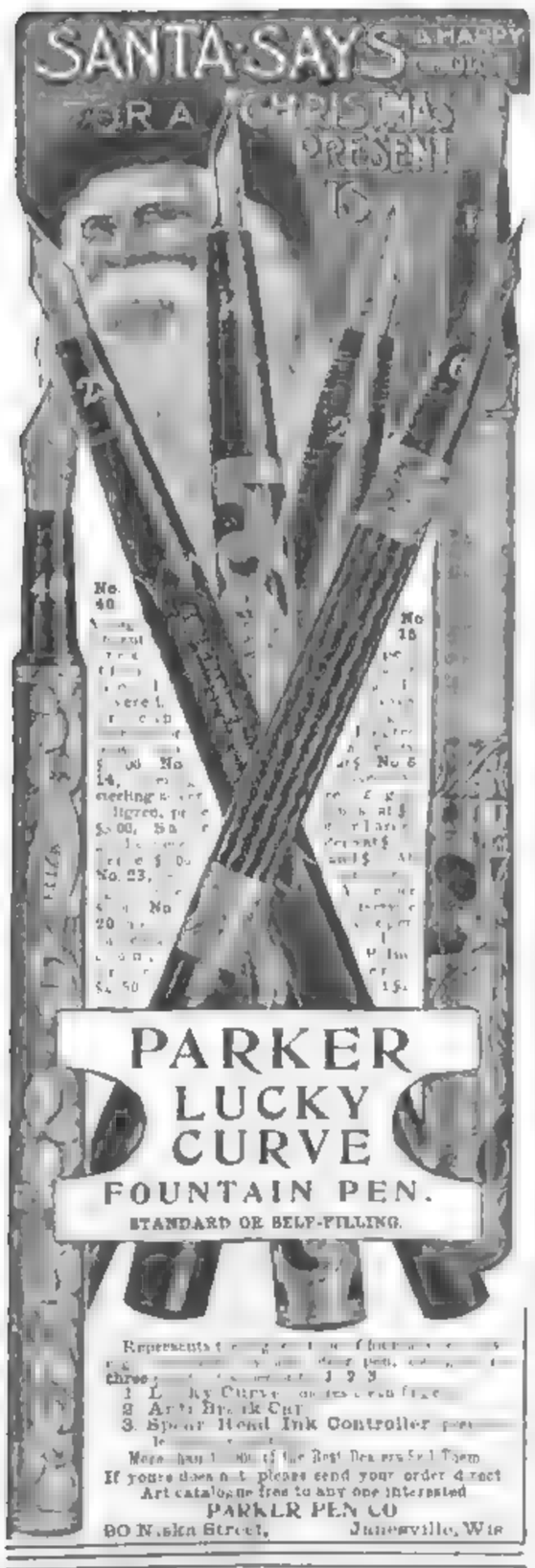

THE OPEN SEASON

(Continued from Page 5)

Not doubting he would give it up and be back soon, I told the cook to save some delicacies for his breakfast. But Grover is not built that way. He remained. From time to time I heard him shoot, and from time to time I scanned the inlet with my glasses in a vain search for some signs of encouragement. At midday I sent a man out to him with a bite of luncheon and to inquire if he didn't think he'd better give it up. But the man came back reporting that the President said he was comfortable and thought he would remain to try his luck on the evening tide. It was dark before he did return, after twelve hours in the blind, with nothing to reward him but a few inferior birds. In reply to my consolations, he only answered that one could not expect good luck every time, and that he had enjoyed the day extremely.

"Come here," said I; "I have had better luck than you"—and I showed him some diamond-back terrapin I had been lucky enough to secure. "Now, shall I have them cooked for your supper, or would you rather take them home with you?"

Assured that I cared nothing for them for myself, he promptly and generously said that, if his wishes alone were to govern, he would enjoy taking them to his family much more than eating them himself. I was surprised to learn from him that he had never had any quail shooting and I did my best to give him some, but the other members of our party, who were quail shooters, had about finished up the quail, and he had poor sport at that also.

Every experienced sportsman knows that there is a fatality about preparations for a great hunt. Such a hunt nearly always comes to naught. The unpremeditated excursions with obscure company are the ones on which good luck comes to us. And sometimes after the sport we planned has failed we get another kind better than we hoped for. I recall an instance of this. Mr. Justice McKenna of the Supreme Court is an enthusiastic sportsman. Several years ago he accompanied me to my country place to shoot quail. The day we arrived the weather turned bitter cold, the ground was hard-frozen, and the wind blew a gale. Added to these discouragements I found that the small boys in the vicinity had risen en masse and potted every bird that could be shot, on the ground or in trees or in any other way, for miles around.

We hunted hard and long. Birds were as scarce as hen's teeth. Such few as we found were wild as deer. If they laid to the dogs at all, when they rose the wind caught them, whisked them over the pines, and we never came up with them again. When evening closed we clambered, half-frozen, into the vehicle which came for us ten miles from home. I was depressed that my friend had such poor sport, and he, I verily believe, thought I had humbugged him into coming to a place where there never had been any birds. We resolved to go home the following day.

That night there was a flurry of snow. I knew what it might mean. When the first snows of winter fall in Pennsylvania and Eastern Maryland every year there is a great migration of woodcock down the Peninsula between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic. My farm is on the southernmost point of that Peninsula, Cape Charles. When the birds reach it they stop, for it is twelve miles across the mouth of the Chesapeake to Cape Henry, and they must, for so long a flight, await a favorable wind to continue their migration southward. Consequently, for a day or two, every November or December, we have the finest woodcock shooting in the world. But the chances of hitting it are a hundred to one against a man living in New York. When we do hit the flight, the bags made of fat woodcock are simply astonishing.

On the morning in question, with the desire much stronger than the hope, I suggested the possibility to Justice McKenna, and we resolved to postpone our departure for a day and try our luck. The wind still blew hard in the morning and we bagged only a few birds, the forerunners, as I told him, of a flight. At luncheon he was still resolved to go, but hearing shooting in a body of woods to the north of us, I persuaded him to pack his bag and go out with me again, so that we might shoot until near

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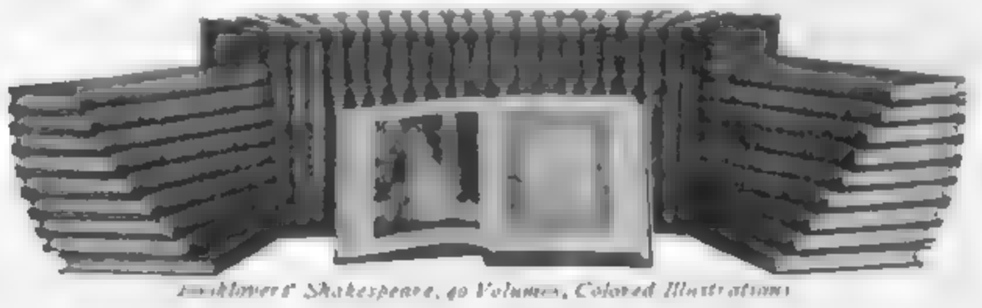
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train-time and catch our vehicle to the train at a point on the road a mile or two above the place. The wind died out, and we soon found birds along the edges of the cover, in swampy places, and shot until we were compelled to start for the train. Our luck was not great, but we had made a fair bag by train-time, and, convinced that the woodcock were coming, I begged Justice McKenna to remain. But, by this time, indifferent sport and a growing uneasiness about that great mass of records and briefs and law-books at Washington made him immovable, and reluctantly enough I went with him.

When I returned to my country-place a fortnight later my manager told me that for three days after we left the place swarmed with woodcock. He shot one in the yard within fifty feet of the house, and the bags reported as made by the little boys of the neighborhood, with muzzle-loading guns, were simply incredible. Mr. Justice McKenna doubts the truth of these reports to this day. But judges grow cynical and are very exacting in their demands for evidence.

How proud Massachusetts should be of her distinguished jurist, the late Mr. Justice Gray! What a noble specimen of manhood he was physically, mentally and socially! He, too, was an ardent sportsman. Yet he owed his promotion to the Supreme Court more to the overzeal for sport of another great lawyer than to any other one cause. When the vacancy on the Supreme Bench occurred, the most prominent candidate for the position was Judge Doe, of New Hampshire. He was a very able and a very learned man. But it so happened that he decided an appeal (see Aldrich *vs.* Wright, 53 N. H., 398) involving the liability of a man for killing a mink that was chasing his geese. The statute imposed a penalty for killing a mink, but the man justified the killing on the ground that he was legitimately defending his property. The Court below convicted him, but Judge Doe, on behalf of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire, sustained his right to protect his property against assault. The opinion is one of the ablest and most exhaustive discussions of the law of justifiable killing in defense of person or property to be found in the books. But Judge Doe had his enemies, and they turned the seriousness of his discussion of what they considered a trivial subject into bitter ridicule and fixed upon him the name of "the mink-lawyer," to his undoing and defeat, and Horace Gray received the appointment.

Mr. Justice Gray never met me in Washington that he did not express a desire to go on a shooting-trip with me, but when at last he did pay the long-promised visit he was too old to stand the exertion. He was so tall (six feet four inches) that he never traveled at night because the sleeping-berths were not long enough to enable him to stretch himself out at full length. Consequently we lost a day. And when at last we reached our shooting-grounds I found it altogether out of the question to attempt giving him any sport at a distance from the house, for he was unable to clamber in and out of a shooting-wagon or to stand the jolting. We had not much sport, but he enjoyed the outing like a boy, and his conversation, both in the field and at home, was a liberal education.

He was not by any means devoid of humor. We were once walking through a beautiful little swale, studded with pines and broom sedge. A board fence crossed our course. It was necessary to climb it. I took his gun and warned him to be careful, for the fence was old and he a very heavy man. So he made the attempt near a fence-post, which he held with both hands and I lifted his foot over. There was no danger, for the earth was heavily littered with the fallen grass and pine-needles. Just as he got astraddle, the rail parted and down he went upon the other side, clinging with one hand until he swung around gently and sunk upon his back. I was promptly by his side, and although I offered assistance he declined, saying, "No, let me lie here a little while. It is really delightful." The rough post, as he clung to it, had made a slight abrasion on his hand, which I proceeded to dress with some sticking-plaster, and the dear old gentleman really seemed to enjoy his natural couch in the warm sunlight.

"What are those strange birds?" he said, watching intently the flight of a flock of turkey-buzzards circling far above us in the cloudless ether. I explained. "Ah!" said he, "maybe they are waiting for me."

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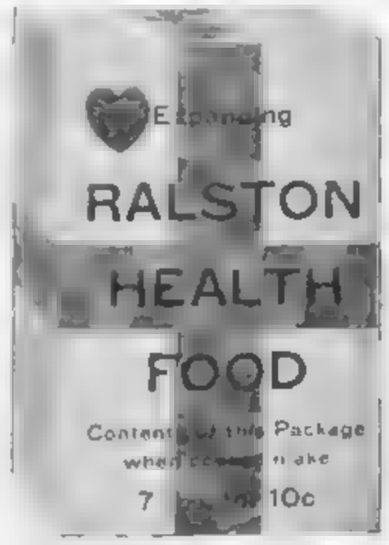

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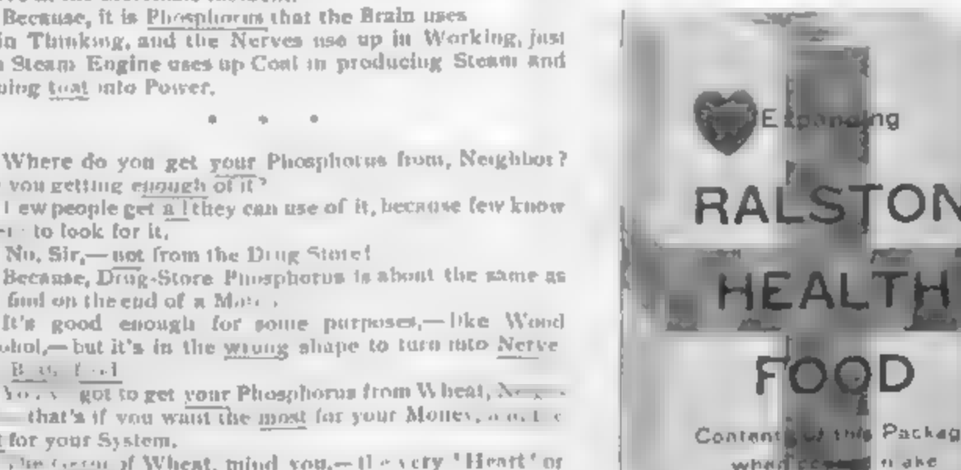

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Joel Chandler Harris

President Roosevelt said in a recent speech that he never reads one of Mr Harris' tales without feeling that the reading has made him a better man. Uncle Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, the most lovable and kindly of all "Uncle Remus'" characters, is the hero of the new tales that Mr. Harris is writing for this magazine

Lloyd Osbourne's Love Stories

When it comes to writing a pleasing, humorous love story no American writer can surpass Lloyd Osbourne, and for witty dialogue that "sparkles and cuts" he is almost unequalled. If this sounds like over-praise, read his next tale in these columns

Tales by Owen Wister

From sleepy Kings Port, the scene of his serial that is now appearing, Mr Wister has returned to the haunts of his Western and he is to have six short stories of Western life ready for early publication

Russia in Revolution

Crowned heads have few confidants, the Czar of Russia fewest of all. But Mr. W. T. Stead has been one of those and during all these stirring days in Russia he has been on the ground gathering material for a series of papers for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Letters straight from headquarters, are a notable contribution to a discussion in which the whole civilized world is taking part

The Cry of the Children

Mrs. John Van Vorst, author of The Woman Who Toils, has been investigating the home and factory life of the children who labor. Her forthcoming articles will describe conditions that it should not be possible to find in a Christian land

Humors of Far Western Life

Emerson Hough and Pat Garrett, the famous sheriff of wilder days, have been making a horseback tour of their old stamping-grounds, and Mr. Hough is secretary of the expedition, tells some capital stories of the palmy days of the boy and the "bad man.

William Allen White

Mr. White's sketches of our neighbors have been so much liked that they will be continued. When this series is concluded Mr. White will go into winter quarters in Washington and tell POST readers about national affairs of real interest.

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Jabez the Third

(Continued from Page 9)

"the five gentlemen sitting here own or control over two-thirds of the stock of the P and Q., so that the opinion and authority of the 'majority' can be easily obtained!"

To use Jabez's own words as afterward uttered, this speech "made them sit up straight on their hindlegs and beg!" Mr. Fiske spoke at once:

"Mr. Waldron, might we ask that you withdraw a few minutes while we discuss this matter?"

"Certainly, sir." And Jabez "withdrew," glad of the opportunity to stretch his legs and lungs and do a little "discussing" with himself. The "few minutes" passed, and a few more doubled and multiplied themselves before P. Taylor Brown appeared and summoned him. The "discussion" had evidently been strenuous, for all the members of the committee seemed heated; the air was blue with cigar-smoke, and even the Pecksniffian face of Mr. Fiske showed signs of irritation.

"Mr. Waldron," said the president, "we have discussed this matter thoroughly and feel that, under its sudden presentation, we would not be justified in making any proposition to you until we had had a reasonable time to verify your offer and make some calculations and estimates ourselves. We think, therefore, that it would be better to postpone a definite offer for, say, a week or ten days. This, as you will allow, is only a reasonable request, and, of course, Mr. Waldron, you understand that this company"—he was mechanically drifting into the "majority" phrase when he luckily remembered his previous experience with Jabez and lamely concluded—"has every intention of dealing liberally with you in this matter!"

The above speech was a euphemistic transcription of Mr. Fiske's summary at the end of the "discussion": "Gentlemen, to use a slang term, this young Waldron has us, at this minute, 'hands down,' and the only thing we can do is to see if we can get breathing time on it. If we can, I think we might be able to 'skid his wheel' a little."

As the president's speech went on Jabez's jaw clinched, and when it was ended he spoke quietly and respectfully, but the men listening to him were no fools and they realized before he had finished that delay was hopeless.

"I regret, Mr. Adams, that I cannot allow any further time for consideration on this matter. If I leave this car without this matter being favorably and satisfactorily concluded with the P. and Q., it will be to go to the telegraph office and wire the A. and B. that their offer is accepted."

Consternation sat on five countenances at this speech. Mr. Fiske was the first one to gather his wits.

"Well, Mr. Waldron, this is rather a peremptory action on your part toward a road that is your connecting one and has always been friendly with and to the B. V.; but, of course, we recognize that you have a right to act as you please in your part of the matter, although it seems to me, as a business proposition—putting aside entirely the affiliations between our company and the B. V.—that you should really allow us *some* time to turn around."

"And be tied up in expensive and unlegal litigation, as the Black River people were when *they* allowed you time to 'turn around'? No, Mr. Fiske, you will pardon my plain speaking, but if anything of that kind is to be tried you will try it on the A. and B.!"

The president spoke quickly, for Mr. Fiske, at this retort, showed signs of losing his famous urbanity.

"Mr. Waldron, as you seem to have had an offer from the A. and B., why not let us know what it is, and we can, possibly, make *that* a basis of negotiations or agreement which will prevent the necessity of such sudden and, to *my* idea, unwise action toward a friendly company."

"I cannot give you the terms of the offer of the A. and B. for two reasons, Mr. Adams. One is that they are private and confidential, the other is that the terms and conditions with the A. and B. would be no criterion of what I would accept from your company."

The tone and phrasing of this remark gave no indication of which company would be favored, but the words suggested a belated idea to the lawyer.

"Then, evidently, Mr. Waldron, *you* have a proposition to submit to us?"

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"You will hardly call it a 'proposition,' Mr. Fiske," replied Jabez, who felt that that eminent attorney had slipped the button off his foil, and, therefore, took the button from his own. "You will probably phrase it as a 'demand'! Yes, I have fixed the minimum that I would take from the P. and Q. for what I have offered them."

"Wouldn't it have been better to have so stated in the first place, sir, and have saved us time and trouble?"

"Hardly, Mr. Fiske. Your appointment for this meeting was in response to my request for an amended and improved proposition over the one brought by Mr. Waters, and besides, sir, I think that we now understand each other better than if my proposition had been made at the beginning, and that you will fully realize that the proposition I will present to you is final and complete: that it admits of no discussion or amendment. Here it is." He pulled out the two legal-looking papers and handed one to Mr. Fiske with the remark: "Perhaps it would be better to glance over it first, Mr. Fiske, and then read it aloud." Mr. Fiske "glanced" and turned with a rather bitter smile to Jabez: "You have good counsel, and the matter has evidently been well considered!"

"You recognize the 'ear-marks'? Yes, the counsel was the best obtainable in the United States, as you have realized. It doesn't pay in such matters to have anything but the best—and the matter has been under consideration for over twenty-five years."

"This matter?"

"The germs of it. Now, perhaps you had better read it aloud."

The faces of the committee became grave as the reading proceeded. When the end was reached there was a perceptible air of relief that there were no more "and provided's."

"I understand you to say, Mr. Waldron, that the 'clôture' has been applied to discussion on this document and its provisions?"

"Yes, Mr. Adams."

"Might we ask the favor of another withdrawal on your part, that we may talk over this privately? We will make it short." There was a tinge of sarcasm in the president's tone as he made the request.

Jabez retreated, to spend the longest fifteen minutes of his life. If they refused—it still left *him* a rich man and with an assured position, but it would take the edge off his grandfather's rehabilitation and his own revenge on the P. and Q. and its president. But they would not—could not—*dare* not afford to refuse, with the alternative of the A. and B.'s possession staring them in the face. So he returned to meet them with an imperturbable face.

"Mr. Waldron, we have decided"—Jabez's pulse stopped for a beat or two—"we have decided to accept this proposition as you have it in this document. We fully realize that we have been caught napping, and the only thing we can congratulate ourselves on is that so able an opponent is one no longer." The old president was a "game" loser.

"Thank you, sir. Here is a duplicate of the paper you have. I understand that Mr. Taylor is a notary. Will you kindly have Mr. Fiske and him compare them? We can then formally sign and acknowledge them."

While Fiske and Taylor rapidly ran over the papers the president said:

"You said that this matter—which seems recent—had been under advisal for over twenty-five years, Mr. Waldron. Will you explain that, please? You see, we would like to know the genesis of our property."

"I said 'the germs of it,' Mr. Adams. My foster-father—my father and mother died when I was very young—discovered the coal in those hills before I was born. He was somewhat conversant with railroading, having been the original and only station agent at Belleport. He was devoted to my grandfather and always believed—as I do—that he was very hardly treated in the matter of the B. V. My foster-father was also devoted to the interest of the B. V.; he believed, as I do also—you will excuse my frankness; it is necessary in order that you understand the story—he believed, as I do, that the P. and Q. made a hard and dishonest bargain when it built the B. V. and sold it to the city and others, and he devoted his whole life—as I have so far—to clearing my grandfather's name and 'getting even' with the P. and Q.

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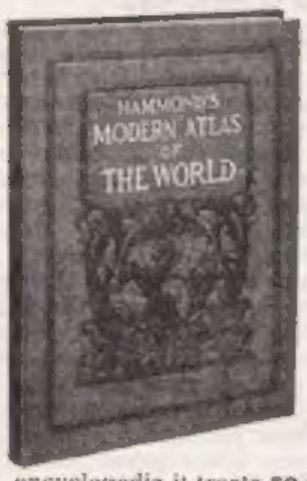

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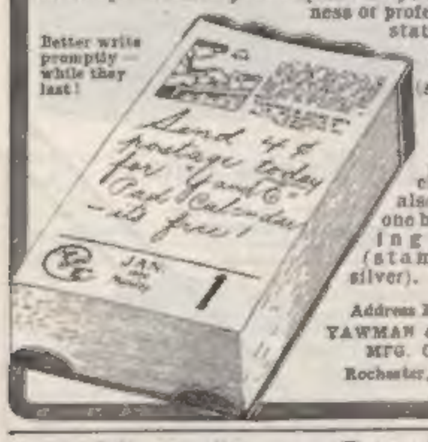

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it would be to any railroad controlling it, and he started *then* to control both. Land in those barren hills was cheap in those days, and every cent he could save he put into coal-land in my name. When I was quite young he was left a large sum of money by a relative in Scotland, but this fact he kept quiet and put the money into the stock of the B. V. wherever he could lay his hands on it; into more coal-lands and into long, year-by-year options on many thousands of acres more.

"When I was about sixteen he told me all this and started me on the railroad part. I had grown up a railroad baby, for I was 'raised' and lived in the depot, and from the day he told me this I devoted my whole life to railroad work, and especially to railroad building.

"About this time I made a friend of the city attorney who had been instrumental in legally ruining my grandfather and who has since felt that he had—in excess of zeal for the city—overdone the matter. I found him a true friend, and my foster-father, feeling the need of advice and aid in our plan, laid it fully before him. He had been a favorite student in the office of the legal firm who drew up those documents, and he went to them and put the whole affair to the senior member, his friend. If you will remember, Mr. Adams, the P. and Q. beat that firm in the suit of 'Jason *vs.* the P. and Q.,' and beat them—you remember it, Mr. Fiske—on a rather unprofessional technicality.

"They, therefore, threw themselves bodily into our fight, laid out a plan of campaign, arranged all our legal business and have since advised us at every step.

"Three of the members of our railroad committee have been on it since it was formed. They were personal friends of my foster-father and men of ample means as country people go. On the land which had been bought I found fine limestone and some iron ore, so a company was formed—The Eagle Mining Company—to mine these and deliver them to Belleport. Doepp, Chanler & Evans drew up the charter with an eye to future railroad use, and two clients of theirs, a member of the State Senate and a member of the lower House, put it quietly through. You may probably locate them, as you did your best to defeat them some ten years ago, because they had defeated that New Holland 'grab-bill' of the P. and Q.; you *didn't* defeat them, but they had memories!

"Well, the Eagle Company made money on its lime and ore, and the money went into more coal-land and into rights-of-way, until we felt we controlled the situation and that the time was ripe for action.

"Then I opened up negotiations with the A. and B. and contrived that you should hear of it in the right way. And I guess that's all."

While he had been speaking the others had closely listened and with varying emotions. Mr. Fiske had stopped his "comparing" and drawn closer, and a dead silence had been maintained as the story was told in a simple, quiet way by the "country-looking" young fellow.

There was quite a silence when he had finished, but that was finally broken by Waters, who said again, in a wondering tone:

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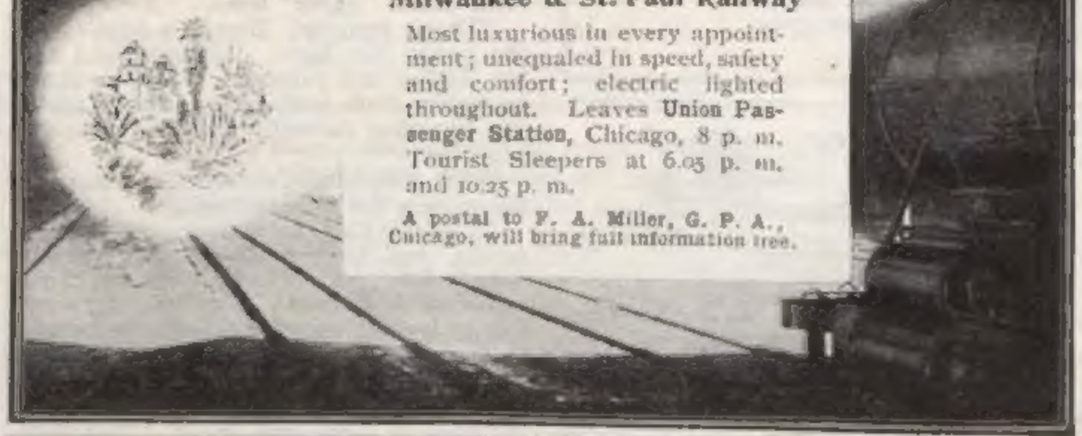

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